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AGRICULTURE.

Farm Work for December.

The plough is now laid up, the dry wood for winter is put under cover, the cattle are fed from the barn, and the tools of all good farmers are put in the house or apartment by themselves, hung up, or laid in conspicuous places, whence they may be taken in a moment when wanted for use. Snow is likely expected, snow that buries up all tools that were carelessly left out, and all the broken wood, chips, and bits of boards that the carpenter has been making around, in his attempts to make the premises neat.

A covering of loam overlays the cowyard, the hogs have a supply for mixing up, or crouching upon, till the spring opens, a pile of peat mud is hauled up from the bog and placed in the garden and orchard, the tool-door work, in fine, is all done up, and the cows are ground for winter use.

Now let the boys go to school; now compel every able bodied male and female, under eighteen, to attend a little to literature. Permit not your boys to grow, as many a man now does, "I had no chance to learn when young—I went to school but little—and my master gave me no encouragement." Send them off every day, rainy or snowy; tackle the old mare in a sled or a buggy when the going is bad, and drive away to the school house. Go early and be dressed before the teacher comes. Go early and not interrupt the exercises after commencing. Go early and not pay the master for waiting to fill up the classes.

Reading and spelling and writing are now as essential as ever. The telegraphic wires can do nothing without reading and spelling, and there is no railway route to learning. The mind must work its way and labor in the cause, or the school will be of little service.

Parents will do well to examine into the studies of their children during the term for schooling. Each night the children should report progress; and though the parent himself is as ignorant as a horse, his zeal that his children shall not follow his own youthful course, will have a good effect.

But most parents can give good advice in the line of schooling. They know well what lacked in their own course of instruction. They are aware of many of their deficiences. They know now that they were not taught as they should have been. That they were kept long in studies which were not made plain to them, and were never understood.

We daily meet with farmers of much intelligence who cannot communicate their thoughts in writing. They were not taught to write—to compose—though they were kept for years in English grammar. Their grammar rules were of no use to them because they were not made to apply those rules in composition. Arithmetic was made plainer because it was made a practical matter. Theory and practice went together. Ten and ten were not left to stand equal to twenty; but ten was multiplied by ten and the difference was actually shown between addition and multiplication in the results of prices. Many people who had competent masters at school make a sad business of writing letters. They were never taught where to place capital letters, nor where periods at the end of sentences.

Some will write a whole page without making a single stop on the way. People who have had the means of a good education often seem at a loss whether they should make any stops. They seem to suppose there is some mystery in pointing—and in writing that they have not been rightly initiated and put to violate some technical rule, they leave their sentences words without any pointing whatever.

One great fault is found in all writers. They aim to make long sentences, and before they finish one they forget what they aimed at, at first. Much confusion arises from long sentences. Periods are soon made, and the periods of dull writers are the best part of the composition.

Send the children to school by all means, and let them know something of their own language at least and learn to write it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CANKER WORMS.

Mr. Editor,—Can you tell us of any method to stop the ravages of the Canker Worm? Must we give up the Apple Tree? I was told that tobacco spread around the tree would kill them. I obtained a horse-cart load of stems, and put them round a half dozen trees, in the hope that the decoction produced by the dews and rains would poison the voracious rascals. But I found early in the fall, that they were proof against tobacco. I then drew away the stems from the tree about four feet, all mud, making a clear circular area of about nine feet in diameter; and this I covered one inch thick with ashes, or air slaked lime But this was ineffectual. The warm rain of Saturday night and Monday last brought up the slugs (if that be the proper name) in great quantities; and I saw them upon the tree bearing indisputable evidences that they had passed through the lime. They were gone with it.

Now what is to be done? You will say, "tar your trees." But, sir, it is a great trouble to tar trees every night and morning, for some months; and it requires a great deal of watchfulness to know when the slugs are running. I should be tempted to cut down my trees, if they were to cause all this trouble. Have you any light on this matter? If I were the only one to be benefited, I would not trouble you at all; but there are thousands as badly off as I am. It is a sore disappointment in the spring of the year, after you have done everything you can do, to see the Canker Worms in innumerable hosts devouring everything green in your orchards. Can you give us any light?

Yours very respectfully,

ANTI-CANKER WORM.

☞ The cankerworm is the pest that is most dreaded by the orchardists. His ravages have proved more extensive and detrimental to the apple tree than the attacks of all other worms and insects.

The very common resort to tar has proved effectual when strict attention and long perseverance were observed, but it has sometimes cost the owner more than the fruit was worth to protect the trees by tarring.

For a few years past we have heard but little of the ravages of the cankerworm in this quarter. It has its time to annoy and then disappears for a season. Some count an exact number of years for them, and we have no doubt that a few may believe the odd years in the almanac forebode disaster, and encourage the return of the worms. But we would not consent to part with the odd years though we might at the same time be rid of all the pests of the orchard.

Should these worms appear again in great numbers, as they probably will, we ought to contrive an easier mode of destruction. Tarring injures the tree and is by no means certain to effect the object designed. We ought to inform ourselves accurately of the life and habits of these worms, and then we may hope to master them, though we may not exterminate the race.

There seems no doubt that most of the worms quit the tree about the tenth of June and bury themselves in the soil. Quick lime, spread under the tree, at that time, would prove fatal to many, but it would not be certain destruction to all. Hogs that run in an orchard destroy many of them while in the ground; and hens pick up very many where the land is not swarded, as an orchard should never be.

But many people object to let hogs go loose in an orchard, and would rather see the worms there than to see the soil rooted up. Ploughing the ground twice a year will have a good effect on the worms, as it serves to expose them to the hens and to birds that will eat them.

Dr. Harris, of Cambridge, gives an account, in his history of Massachusetts insects, of a small worm that burrows in the soil under apple trees, *and that lives on canker worms*, when it can find them.—May we not suppose it is owing to this cause that canker worms are periodically crippled and made scarce—that the two classes flourish alternately and then disappear—the one for want of canker worms enough to live on, the other for the want of parents to propagate the race.

It may well be supposed that it is owing to some depredator on the canker worm—some voracious followers—that they are so reduced in numbers as to disappear almost entirely. And that this follower in its turn dies for want of food, and its race is so reduced that the few canker worms which escaped again multiply and fill the orchards.

Should canker worms ever appear again in our own orchards we should try thoroughly the plan of keeping the soil constantly broken and loose as well for the purpose of exposing these worms as to favor the growth and bearing of the trees. [Editor.

AN ANCIENT OAK.

Mr. Editor,—Dear sir: I lately cut an old oak tree which seemed to me a curiosity; the tree was four feet in diameter at the butt and but seventeen feet high to where the limbs branched out. I had the curiosity to know whether the top was cut off or that lightning had struck it, or some worm had attacked it when it was small. I found the limbs about fifty or sixty years growth; when I cut it up I found the top had been cut off, and the side limbs. I also found the tree was 160 years old ten feet from the ground. But the greatest curiosity was that this tree was formed of sprouts around where another tree had been cut; the former tree must have been cut 170 years since; it was cut two feet and a half from the ground; there were five sprouts that grew up which formed this tree; these sprouts all grew together; the former tree was cut 57 years after the landing of the Pilgrims, according to my calculation, and about the time of the war with King Philip.

Yours, J. M. R.

West Cambridge, Nov. 22, 1847.

BEAT THIS IF YOU CAN.

Mr. Editor,—The following is the product of one kernel of corn raised by me this present year.

2 ears, 9 inches long, containing 369 kernels, each making	738
1 ear, 8 inches long, containing	332
1 ear, 5 1-2 inches long, containing	172
Making in all	1242

EZEKIEL HOLMES.

Stoughton, Nov. 24, 1847.

DISSERTATION ON WAR.

THE CONSTITUTION AS I UNDERSTAND IT.

Mr. Editor,—Having been busily engaged in haying and harvesting for a few months past, I have not found so much time for the reading of papers as I should like, and have been obliged to look them over with a mere passing view, but at length the evenings have become longer and my business is not of so hurrying a nature, so that I have found more time for thought, and recollecting one or two pieces on war, which appeared in the Newburyport Herald some months since signed L. W. Oldtown, which I thought I should like to review, I retraced the files, and found in them several very valuable originals advanced, which are worthy of the deep consideration of every republican; and since it appears that Oldtown can originate such valuable sentiments, I began to awake from my intellectual stupor, and thought that perhaps I might do something for the benefit of community.

War is the very last thing to which man should resort, to accomplish any desired object, for who would not study every possible method he could devise for settling difficulties, and for a great length of time, before giving up his life, to gain the desired end, and it certainly amounts to this; for no soldier, who rightly weighs the subject can go to war without expecting to either kill or be killed, and he ought to respect his neighbor as himself, and if all people would consider it in this light, which they certainly should, there would be less bloodshed than there now is.

The present war is not a war between the United States and Mexico as it has usually been termed, but it is merely a war between some of the citizens of the United States and Mexico. The United States are a nation bound together by a code of laws and of course are bound to live by them; this code is called the Constitution of the United States. Now in reading this I find nothing which tells me that the United States are at war with any nation. The Constitution says that Congress shall have power to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisals, and make rules concerning captures on land and water. To raise and support armies, but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer time than two years."

Now Congress has not declared war, consequently the U. States are not at war, but some people seem to think as well as the President himself, that because the President is appointed commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States and of the militia of the several states, when called into the actual service of the United States, that he can do pretty much as he has a mind to do, and he without doubt could, if he but had the power to raise and call out the militia of the United States, and to declare war just when and where he pleased; but this he has not got, and it was never intended by the devout framers of our Constitution, that the President should usurp such kingly power, and they have wisely provided against it.

In the first place, he has not power to declare war; in the second place, it will be perceived, that the little word *when*, immediately succeeding the words several States, was not placed there for nothing, for our wise forefathers, too well knew the aristocratic feelings of men in high offices, not to place trigues in their proper places. It is therefore evident that the President, until ordered by Congress, has no more power to fight another nation, than any other individual in the country.

If the United States are at war with Mexico, where is the President? We hear not of the glorious battles which he has fought. Is he in Mexico? The answer must be, "no," he is away off a thousand miles from the seat of war, probably sitting in his chair! Quite a gentlemanly way of fighting indeed!

When the President was appointed commander-in-chief, it was intended that he should take the front of the battle, as did Napoleon, so that he might know by actual experience the dangers of war, and therefore would try all reasonable means to save the country from the horrors of war. REPUBLICAN.

Oldtown, Nov. 23d, 1847.

☞ It would be a decided improvement in tactics to introduce the ancient custom of requiring the fomenters of war to take the lead in the field. Why should any individual be ever invested with power to command his fellow beings to fight each other? It is going quite far enough to command a civil officer to take life for high crimes committed. But war is made on the innocent for the fault of their rulers, and made at the nod of those who never mean to expose their own persons.

The Kings of Europe used to fight at the head of their armies. If any are to be exposed to the fire of enemies the advocates of war are the men to be most exposed. Nothing has a greater tendency to cool off the fury of a fighting spirit than to urge him to face his foe and see it out in proper person.

[Editor.

MR. PAYSON'S ADDRESS.

We select the following from the address before the Essex Agricultural Society, in October, by T. E. Payson, Esq., of Rowley, It is published in a neat pamphlet and we acknowledge the favor of a copy.

On the Importance of Agriculture Mr. Payson says:—

"But the *importance* of Agriculture, sometimes over-rated by prejudiced minds, is a self-evident truth. I cannot, however, avoid allusion to an illustration which has been painfully forced upon the mind of every man during the past year.

A little more than two hundred years ago a small bitter root was discovered on the coast of Chili. From this worthless root, cultivation produced the potato. *Improved* as it may have been, as late as the eighteenth century—a hundred years after its first introduction—English writers speak of it as comparatively valueless. Yet the partial failure of this crop in a small part of the world, has produced an amount of suffering, now uncertain in continuance—how incalculable in extent. While it has in some measure developed the vast agricultural resources of the United States, it shows better than any thing else, the importance of that branch of industry to the state, and may well cause reflecting men to consider whether this, of all the arts, does not the most deserve encouragement and support.

From the commencement of our Society, custom has made an address, in some way connected with the subject of agriculture, a part of this day's exercises. Upon former occasions, we have had age to counsel, eloquence to persuade, learning to instruct, or the sound wisdom of practical experience to convince.

Qualified but poorly in any respect, the fact that the invitation to address you was given unanimously, was the strong reason which made me presumptuous enough to accept it. It is gratifying to a man's pride, to suppose that his friends have a good opinion of him, whether he deserves it or not. Now to those who expect "to hear some new thing," I have only to say, save your ears for another occasion. If by a remark of mine, any man is induced to make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before. I shall have done some service and will be content.

IMPROVEMENTS.

On the annual return of this day here and elsewhere, the great *improvements* in modern agriculture have been frequently made an interesting topic of discourse. Thirty years have indeed wrought wonderful changes in farming as in everything else. It is also true, that in nothing else has change been effected with so much difficulty. Ignorance and obstinacy have always sneered at improvement. Nor have innovations in agriculture had these alone to contend with, but blind *error*, which "like the adder stoppeth her ears and will not listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely," has always stood in their way. It has been said that "*error*, when she retraces her footsteps, has farther to go before she can arrive at truth than ignorance;" but the way which it takes to get out of the heads of some farmers, is the crookedest road, that it ever entered into the imagination of man to conceive.—Why, if the best iron plough of this day, had been presented to a farmer thirty years ago, he would as soon have told the assessors that he was not taxed high enough, as to have used it. But though old superstitions is in its grave and many an ancient prejudice lies buried beside it, the race is not quite extinct.

Should the genius of America, in time to come, beget a second Walter Scott—although he may not introduce the mother of Cuddie Headrigg,* as a representative of the character of New England yeomanry in this nineteenth century, still he will find many like a servant of the late Duke of Bedford, of whom it is said, that when ploughing with his four horses yoked at full length, the Duke left his carriage and zealous to do him a service, yoked the horses two abreast, held the plough himself, and explained to him the *advantage* of this new method. The answer of the man was characteristic of the profession—the ready answer which prejudice suggests to ignorance,—that such a plan might answer with his Grace, but was *too expensive* for him.

But the fact that great improvement has been made and *is making*, is of more importance to our present purpose. Men have found out, that, if he who plants an oak, looks forward to future ages and plants for posterity; that he who plants a fruit-tree does it for himself as well as for those who come after him; to graft an apple tree is better than to suffer it to grow wild; that manures are quite as efficacious when properly composted as when used fresh from the barn yard; that sixty bushels of corn to the acre are more profitable than thirty; that to sow grass with grain in the spring and have four-fifths of it destroyed, is not so well as to sow it by itself in the autumn and get two or three tons of hay to the acre the next season; that repeated, shallow skimmings of the surface soil is not good ploughing; and that to pass a roller over fields sown with grain or grass is better than to leave them in Indian hills. Some of them have learned that gravelly knolls and sandy highlands are not the only soils which pay for cultivation; but that our rich peat bottoms, covered with underbrush, weeds and water-grass, which have been abandoned to the caprices of nature ever since the ark rested on Mount Ararat, do in reality possess intrinsic value.

These deep meadows, which send forth from their dark bosoms the chilling dampness of disease and death, adding to the coldness and poverty of the adjoining highlands, by their unhealthy evaporations, seem to be so placed by him who made the world to say to man in stronger language than words, that labor properly applied shall prove a blessing rather than a curse. There they lie, side by side, scattered all over the county, the bog exuberant with unwholesome vegetation, the highland with its stinted growth of scanty herbage, both soils worthless and unprofitable, but each of them rich in all the elements of fertility which the other requires. Let the farmer do what a benignant nature encourages him to do, and these poor soils of New England which under bleak influences are fostered into a sickly fertility, will be quickened into almost spontaneous luxuriance.

But to enumerate *all the improvements* which have been made in agriculture for the last half century would take too much time. *One*, not only an improvement in itself, but the basis of all other improvements must not be omitted, and that is the diffusion of agricultural knowledge by the newspaper press. Slowly, silently, almost by stealth, without the knowledge of the man himself, this mighty engine undermines old prejudices, and has taught the farmer that however independent he may be, he is not so much so, as that the experience of others will not profit him. Most of us have become willing to *seek directions*, even if they are contained in a *book*. We are becoming more like liberal, free-born and aspiring men.

Yet after all, agricultural improvement is in its infancy, and to nurture its youth and rear it to manhood, has been left to us, and to those who are to come after us. To direct how this shall be done is a difficult task. I shall however, upon two or three of the most important questions connected with the subject, venture to give an opinion, always premising that if I am wrong, I will, when convinced of my error, despise the shame of acknowledging it, and with all my heart most readily embrace a different opinion.

THOROUGH TILLAGE.

All will agree, that the *basis* of improvement lies in a more *thorough tillage*. Now one great hindrance to this, is the strong and universal tendency among farmers to own and cultivate too much land. I am well aware that I tread on disputed ground, and that there are those among us whose opinions, we are ready, and *with good reason*, to esteem almost as oracles, who "have no sympathy with this small farm theory." But with due deference to their opinions may I not say, with this fact, that the case so commonly occurs as to make it a general rule, that our very large farms are very poorly cultivated? To the point which I have in view, is the apologue of the vine-dresser, who had two daughters and a vineyard. When his oldest daughter was married, he gave her a third part of his vineyard for a marriage portion, notwithstanding which, he had the same quantity of fruit as before. When his youngest daughter was married, he gave her half of what remained, still the produce of his vineyard was undiminished. The secret was simply this, that the more thorough tillage which he was enabled to give to the remaining third part, tripled his produce, while at the same time it reduced the cost of cultivation. Now he that cultivates the most land, or produces the greatest crop, is not the best farmer, but he that can do it with the least expense. In Massachusetts the high price of labor is an insuperable objection to large farms. As it is, men must not only not be idle, but must at all times, and under all circumstances work to the best advantage, or the proceeds of their labor will not pay their wages. Upon large farms, numerous and long lines of fence are to be kept in repair, taxes are to be looked after, work cannot be so economically done, because much of it is at a distance, and a large number of laborers must of necessity be employed, who to use an old adage, if they are not very carefully looked after, will be likely to drink out of the broad end of the tunnel, and hold the little one to their employer. It must not be understood to say that no *man can profitably* manage a large farm here. All rules have their exceptions. But I do say, that there are very few Bonapartes in agriculture, and that the great body of us are fit only to serve in the ranks.

It is *doubtful indeed*, if these large farms are the most profitable *anywhere*; for in countries where the cost of labor is almost nominal, small farms are said to produce the largest income. Stretching along at the foot of the Alps, those ever memorable mountains, whose lofty summits, white with eternal snows, reach far above the clouds—the birthplace of the glacier and the avalanche—is that province of Italy, which has been often called the garden of Europe. Its inhabitants are farmers, and very few farms contain more than seventy-five acres, yet the best authority asserts that these small farms bring more to market than the large ones, and that there is no country in the world which can dispose of so large a portion of its productions as Piedmont. True the soil is rich, deep, if you please, alluvial. The climate is moist, and the situation of the land makes it susceptible of being easily submitted to irrigation. After all, the main-spring of this abundant fertility is thorough tillage, which consists only on small farms.

LIBERAL MANURING.

We have not the same natural advantages, but the deficiency can be partially supplied by liberal manuring. Without this, you may plough the soil and subsoil, eradicate every noxious weed, studiously watch the progress of infant vegetation, and not get half a crop. And not only must we manure *liberally*, but our manures must be adapted to the different soils and different crops.

Here, most certainly, there is a wide field for improvement. The Chinese are said to be familiar not only with the relative value and efficacy of manures, but to understand and apply without loss, that which is best fitted to stimulate and support each kind of plant. *With us*, agricultural chemistry has made rapid advances within a few years. Yet in practice, I question very much, whether the ancients were not better cultivators of the soil than we are. "What are the elements of good tillage, says Cato, the oldest Roman Teacher of Agriculture? To plough. What is the second? To plough. The third is to manure. Study to have a large dunghill, says he, keep your compost carefully, when you carry it out, scatter it and pulverise it." This was advice was given one hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, yet many of us are apt to regard composting as a *new discovery*, and we probably should never have thought it worth trying, if some modern humbugging agent had not coaxed us to pay for a patent right to make it. Subsequent writers advise the cultivator "not to carry out more manure than the laborers can cover with the soil the same day, as exposure to the sun does it great injury, and they tell us that the farmers of that day collected their manure and stored it in covered pits, so as to check the escape of the draining." How many farmers in the County, leave their manure exposed to sun, and air and rain, for half the year! Are there not some who will tell you that it is *improved* by the operation?"

* "Your leddy-ship and the steward hae been pleased to propose, that my son Cuddie suld work in the barn wi a new fangled machine for dighing the corn frae the chaff, thus impiously thwarting the will of Divine Providence, by raising the wind for your leddy-ship's ain particular use by human airt, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation of wind Providence is pleased to send upon the sheeling hill." [Old Mortality.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO YOUNG FARMERS.

At the Cattle Show in Waldo county a few days since, we made the acquaintance of an aged and agreeable farmer, William Sibley, Esq., of Freedom, who is now one of the wealthiest farmers in that county, and who raises a large quantity of good table fruit which he ships to foreign markets. His case furnishes much of encouragement to young farmers in Maine, and we allude to it and give a few incidents in his life for their benefit.

Forty-five years since he made his way by means of spotted trees to his present home, there to make him a farm. His humble house, with its roof of bark, was constructed, and thither he took his wife to share his burthens and lighten his path-way by her smiles. As he first went through the woods to commence upon his present farm, he was not worth enough to pay for an axe. He has raised forty-four crops, and since his first crop he has not had in his house a quart of meal or a pound of flour not raised upon his farm. He has in some seasons raised 500 bushels of corn and large crops of wheat. He made preparations for raising fruit, and has succeeded finely, and is still active in introducing into his acres the choicest varieties of fruits. He has given his children a good literary and a good business education, and they severally reflect high credit upon their parents. His property is now estimated at about twenty thousand dollars.

Mr. Sibley was one of the active contributors to the Fair, exhibited various specimens of fruit &c., and manifested great interest in all that seemed calculated to advance the noble art to which he has devoted his life. He is a man of active habits and sound health, and is a worthy example of what farmers can do when they unite an active mind with an industrious hand in their pursuit, and where the culture of the soil and of the mind go forward together.

It may be thought that we have trespassed too much upon the personal history of Mr. Sibley, but our excuse must be found in the encouragement which is given to young farmers who are about commencing life as he did. For this purpose we think it well occasionally to point out the successes of those who have gone forward in the thorny path, and from small beginnings, by their industry and skill have accomplished that which is praiseworthy and honorable. [Bangor Whig.

REMARKS ON GARDENING AS A SCIENCE.

Having adduced the authority of Liebig to show that the humus of the soil is not taken up by the roots of plants *as nutriment*, and suggested to the gardener some of the means and experiments by which he may bring the accuracy of the theory to the test, we propose to dismiss the subject, and, at the same time, to lay aside and altogether repudiate the term *humus* as applied to the garden, leaving the agriculturist to retain it or not, at his pleasure. It matters little what is said or thought of a subject which the mind cannot understand; and as the horticulturist avails himself of substances little used on the farm, our remarks shall be confined to them exclusively.

What then is manure, and how does it operate on the produce of the garden? The questions are by no means easily answered, and they apply in a two fold direction. Every one versed in general horticulture must be perfectly aware that the same soil, the same enrichment, (or "dress" of whatever kind it may be,) will operate very differently upon plants in the open ground, and when confined in pots. Take, for instance, that staple of the garden, virgin loam, and let us refer to the evidence, on this point, of James Main in the British Farmers' Magazine, April, 1841, p. 93. He says:

"Newly reclaimed lands, whether from old pasture, fallen woods, or commons, or fresh loam dug from pits, are all, for a few years, exceedingly productive, without assistance from manure or other treatment, save digging or ploughing. This virtue of maiden soil, be it what it may, is at last dissipated by repeated cropping; and then the land must be refreshed with a dressing of some kind of manure. I have never read or heard of any trial having been made by chemists to analyze maiden earth with a view of ascertaining what that particular quality is that proves so exciting and beneficial to vegetation. Its effects are well known to all cultivators. Trenching and trench ploughing are the ordinary means for gaining upon the surface an additional stratum of virgin earth; and the good effects which follow, sooner or later, are sometimes attributed to the true cause, namely, the addition of new, untired earth,* though, by others it is said to be owing to the increased depth of the staple." The new stratum is undoubtedly the exciting agent, and elucidating his argument by agricultural data, Mr. Main then asks: "*What* is that property of maiden earth, which, *when aerated*, proves so exciting and nutritive to the roots of plants? It cannot be humus, that is decayed vegetable matter, unless very ancient indeed, and deposited contemporaneously with the chalk formations; for I have found it reposing on chalk in considerable masses, which seemed to have felt no disturbance since the deluge, and in situations where no enriching fluid could be received, and yet for the sustentation of plants, whether native or exotic, it is invaluable. It would be well, if, by chemical analysis, any light could be thrown on the matter. Perhaps *it may be some simple body*, which can be artificially collected, and applied with less trouble and equal effect, as more ponderous materials."

If any of our readers can retrace the astonishing effects of a loam raised by the spade in trenching from a depth of nearly two feet, and which had evidently lain undisturbed for centuries, upon a crop of any of the cabbage tribe, he will be satisfied with the truth of Mr. Main's remarks.

On such a loam, yellow or brown-orange in color, void of any traceable fibre, and to a demonstration free from a particle of any substance that could bear the name of manure, potatoes, cabbages, broccoli, and the like, will thrive with a rapidity, verdure, and luxuriance that nothing can excel. What then, we inquire, chemically, has been and is the exciting agent? Such a loam is composed chiefly of insoluble sand, of perhaps one-fourth of alumine, or the matter of pure clay, of oxide of iron, (the coloring material,) and generally of a small percentage of chalk, (carbonate of lime.) Now any or all of these, however varying in their proportions, are little soluble in water; but the loam so constituted, if Liebig's authority be proof, invariably contains a proportion of vegetable alkali, *potassa*, of which substance, wherever it be found in the vegetable organization, it is the sole source and parent. Here, then, Mr. Main's most valuable suggestion is realized; for a body, though not absolutely simple, a chemical agent *is* discovered, which, being extremely soluble, is most energetic and potential in its effects upon the vegetable fluids. We are, therefore, justified in concluding that to *potassa* may be ascribed those luxuriant results which are the subject of inquiry.

But such a loam, however invaluable to vegetable culture, producing that flavor and purity which can never be obtained from manure in any form, will not avail in pot culture; it is altogether too binding and intractable. The principle, nevertheless, remains in full force, therefore the judicious gardener has recourse to the turf taken off the purest loam of a common or grass pasture; this he lays up in mass, turns, incorporates, and finally uses with its fibrous remains. Hence he obtains the best soil in a form and temperament that will give freedom to the progress of the roots, and yet has not lost one particle of those salts which play so important a part in the economy of vegetation.

But does his soil become paler during a course of culture? Does it in any way present signs of impoverishment? Certainly not; it acquires depth of tint, *it gains humus*, and, after a time, the color is darkened by several shades, proving that carbon has been deposited, not abstracted. Yet new soil is soon required; and again a prudent addition of fresh turf, and frequently assisted by the whiteat sand, will renew the energy of vegetation, and simultaneously, all the corresponding phenomena. We have now, though conscious of much ignorance of those wondrous causes which are ever varying their "ceaseless change," presented our readers with matter for deep reflection, and, we dare hope, for profitable inquiry and experiment.

The next great natural agent, to the consideration of which our remarks are naturally led, is water. In importance, perhaps, it ought to hold the precedence, though treated numerically as second to earth. Its composition and agency may induce others to arrive at the same conclusion. Few persons, in this age of reading, consider water as a simple element; every chemist knows it to be a compound, consisting of the two great elementary principles, dydrogen and oxygen, two parts of the first, one of the second, and both estimated by volume or measure. But the question now arises, what are hydrogen and oxygen? The reply is simple, (yet expressive of ignorance,) they are the constituent elements of that fluid which might be regarded as the first of created things, water.

The sublime experiments of Professor Faraday have shown that this all important fluid is the standard measure of electrical developments. His "Experimental Researches into Elecricity" should be read with deep attention by all who would understand this most interesting subject. The electrical hypothesis of water may now be regarded as clearly proved; consequently, it may be viewed as the grand agent of all terrestrial meteorology; as the depository and medium of that elementary fire or essence, which, through the primary agent of solar light, is the vital, stimulating principle of vegetable development and growth, and coincidentally as the instrument by which all manuring substances are brought into a condition to furnish the liquid aliment that is absorbed by the roots of a plant, and which we term sap.

WM. W. VALK.

Flushing, L. I. October, 1847.

[The Horticulturist.

ON COOKING FOOD FOR CATTLE.

An important question regarding the feeding of cattle, and one in reference to which considerable diversity of opinion still prevails, is whether cooked or uncooked food is the most profitable. The determination of this question has been made the subject of careful experiments by eminent farmers north of the Tweed, and I shall now give an epitome of the results obtained and the conclusions arrived at.

Mr. Boswell, of Kincausie in Kincardineshire, experimented on ten Aberdeenshire horned cattle, very like one another, and their food consisted of the Aberdeen yellow bullock turnips and potatoes. The five put on raw food weighed alive 228 stones 11 pounds, and the other five on cooked food 224 stones 6 pounds. When slaughtered, the butcher considered both beef and tallow to be perfectly alike. Those fed on raw food cost £32 2s 1d, and those on cooked £34 5s 10d, leaving a balance of expense of £2 3s 9d in favor of the former. Mr. Boswell mentions that the lot on raw food consumed more than those on steamed, and that when raw turnips and potatoes were put into the stall at the same time, the potatoes were always eaten up before a turnip was tasted; while, on the other hand, steamed turnips were eaten in preference to steamed potatoes. The conclusion arrived at by Mr. Boswell is, that it is unprofitable to feed cattle on cooked food. "It appears" he says, "that it is not worth the trouble and expense of preparation to feed cattle on boiled or steamed food; as, although there is a saving in food, it is counterbalanced by the cost of fuel and labor, and could only be gone into profitably where food is very high in price and coal very low."

The above results, regarding the unprofitableness of cooked food, have been corroborated by the experiments of Mr. Walker, of Ferrygate in East Lothian. The conclusion which he draws from his experiments is the following.

We have no hesitation in saying that, in every respect, the advantage is in favor of feeding with raw food. But it is worthy of remark, that the difference in the consumption of food arises on turnips alone; we would therefore recommend every person wishing to feed cattle on steamed food to use potatoes or any other food that would not lose bulk and weight in the steaming process, as there is no question but in doing so they would be brought much nearer to each other in the article of expense of keep. Upon the whole, we freely give it as our opinion, that steaming food for cattle never be attended with beneficial results under any circumstances whatever, because it requires a more watchful and vigilant superintendence during the whole process than can ever be delegated to the common run of servants, to bring the cattle on steamed food upon a footing of equality, far less a superiority to those fed on raw food."*

Mr. Howden, of Lawhead in East Lothian, obtained similar results from his experiments which were conducted with a view of ascertaining whether cooked or uncooked food is the more profitable in the feeding of cattle. He found the preparation of the food by steaming anything but profitable. The cost of preparing the food in his case was, however, considerable, as an expense of about ten shillings each animal was incurred by the practice. A single horse load of coals, carriage included, cost ten shillings and exactly six cart loads were required and used in preparing the food for the cattle, equal to 6s 8d each, and probably as much more would not be an over-estimate for the additional labor in three months. According to Mr. Howden's experience, it seems that steaming renders tainted turnips somewhat palatable, while it has a contrary effect on tainted potatoes; the cattle preferring these raw. Turnips require a longer time to steam, and lose one-eighth or one-tenth more of their weight than potatoes. [Albany Cul.

* Prize essays of the Highland and Agricultural Society.

The Potato Rot. A prize essay published in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, gives the following as the best precautions for averting the potato disease:

1. To choose sound tubers for seed.

2. Choose dry ground which is not over-rich; this precaution is regarded as one of great importance.

3. Choose manures which do not ferment readily, as charcoal dust, peat ashes, &c. An experiment detailed at some length, shows the great advantage of charcoal and peat ashes over guano, cow dung, horse dung, &c.

4. Give plenty of room that air may freely circulate through the crop.

The author decidedly discourages autumn planting, as has been recommended by some writers.

Taking up and Storing.—Let potatoes be harvested in dry weather. If designed for planting, they may lie three or four days on the ground; but if designed for eating, they should not lie longer than three or four hours. They should be put in a dry situation, as under a shed, and if they lie thick should be turned to prevent fermentation, and while here the diseased ones are picked out. The potatoes should afterwards be stored in a dark and moderately damp place, so damp at least as not to generate any dust on the bottom of the store house. A store house expressly for their preservation is recommended, where they can be examined, ventilated, and the poor ones removed.

Farmers, Remember, that in all your operations, you should be regulated by *system*. It is utterly useless to expect fortunate results, unless they are essayed on philosophical principles. The laws which pervade and govern the material world, are regular and uniform, and it is only by proceeding in conformity with their obvious and unequivocal indications that we can reasonably expect to secure success. In the farming art, this observance is an indispensable duty. We have known some cultivators who appeared to have no regular system in anything, and we have never known such to succeed in their business, unless by accident. The adaptation of means to ends, is in nothing more necessary than in the cultivation of the soil. The person who cultivates one acre systematically, realises more actual profit than the one who attempts to cultivate five, and performs the work badly. [Germantown Telegraph.

Depth of the Ocean. At the annual meeting the association of American Geologists in Boston, Commander Wilkes, U. S. N., made a communication upon the subject of the depth and saltness of the ocean. The maximum depth has never been attained. Capt. Ross sounded 4600 fathoms, about 37,000 feet, and got no bottom. There are great difficulties attending deep sea soundings. Experiments show that the great valley of our ocean ran at right angles to the ranges near our coast. The basins of the Southern hemisphere dip and rise alternately from the equator towards the pole, causing very unequal depths of water.

Experiments were made by Captain Wilkes upon the penetration of solar light. A pot painted white was let down into the water, and the point of invisibility marked—upon taking it out, the point of visibility marked, and the two were found to vary but a fathom or two. In water at 36 degrees the pot disappeared at six fathoms—in the Gulf Stream, at twenty-seven fathoms—just outside of it, at twenty-three fathoms.

MECHANIC ARTS.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.

Mr. Horatio Ames, of Falls Village, Conn., has recently perfected a highly important improvement, destined to produce important results in the manufacture of iron for railroads. Mr. Ames, in the progress of his business, which is mainly devoted to the manufacture of iron for the axles and tires of railroad wheels, observed that the tires often split or separate in lines parallel with the plane of the wheel; that is, in the direction of the length of the bar of which they are formed. He also observed that the rails of railroads often split lengthwise, and that the upper surface and the inner edge, under the action of the wheels and their flanches, exfoliate; that is, split off in lamina or scales.

As an experienced ironmaster, he knew that bar iron consists of fibres that lie parallel to one another, and running in the direction of the length of the bar; that these fibres and their parallelisms are due to the gradual elongation of the crystals of cast iron, when changed into wrought iron in the process of hammering and rolling, by which the crystals are gradually elongated, and in the same direction, and that the attraction of cohesion between the particles constituting each fibre is greater than between the different fibres, as it is well known that bar iron has much more tenacity in the direction of the fibres than across them.

From the consideration of these well-known facts he concluded that the splitting and exfoliation were due to the want of sufficient adhesion between the various fibres constituting the bar, and that the only remedy would be to change the direction of the fibres by twisting the bar in the process of rolling; so that the fibres should be twisted like the fibres of a hempen rope, thus substituting the tenacity of the fibres for the force which binds them together. In this way, it will be observed, that to split or exfoliate a bar of iron, it would be necessary to cut the fibres, as the bar acquires in its cross section the strength or tenacity which, on the old plan, it possessed in a longitudidal direction. This twisting of the fibres is effected in the operation of rolling, by making the rolling-mill of two sets of rollers; the first set to turn on their axis in opposite directions, to draw the bar of iron between them in the usual manner, and to pass it to the second set which, in addition to their rotation on their axis for drawing the bar, rotate together about the axis of the bar, and thus twist the fibres as the bar is drawn through and elongated; thus causing the fibres to assume a spiral or helical direction around the central line or axis of the bar. In this way it will be seen that the bar cannot split in straight lines without breaking the fibres, and that therefore the only wear of railroad bars and tires thus made will be due to attention alone.

Mr. Ames has patented his improvement both in England and America. [Courier

Visit To the New City. In company with other gentlemen, we visited, last week, the embryo city at Hadley Falls. Mr. Anderson, the accomplished engineer, very courteously invited us to examine the plans of the contemplated city, and very cheerfully gave us all the information in his power, in reference to the proposed operations.

It has already been stated in our paper, that the gigantic scheme contemplates the erection of fifty-six cotton mills, of a capacity to run 18,500 spindles each; or the whole, in round numbers, a *million of spindles*. To each of these mills, the plan proposes twenty blocks of boarding-houses, three stories high, each block calculated for two families. The existing company do not design to erect, for the present at least, more than four of the proposed factories. These will be built as soon as possible. Other mills will be put up, as other companies may be formed.

The lower canal is to pass along where the railroad station now is. It is to be 150 feet wide, and 20 feet deep, and the water will be elevated, at or near that point, three or four feet above the present surface of the ground. The upper canal is laid out near the base of the present high ground. The hill will be brought down eighteen or twenty feet, and will then constitute the s

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

SATURDAY MORNING, DEC. 27, 1847.

WILLIAM BUCKMINSTER, EDITOR.

THE THIRTIETH CONGRESS MEETS NEXT MONDAY.

What are the people to expect from the meeting? Are their interests to be consulted, or will the members be content to be told that now we are engaged in war we must say nothing against it for fear the Mexicans will take courage and rally again?

One would suppose, notwithstanding the pomposity of the language that is daily heard in relation to the prowess and invincibility of our troops, that our people stand in fear of the courageous Mexicans, and that if it is not actually treason it is next akin to treason to question the wisdom and the propriety of the measures that are taken to bring that country to terms.

But few of the Whig Members are found willing to do their duty by speaking out plainly. Many of them take the attitude of slaves in a slave market, and seem to be cringing for a bid, and anxious to be owned by a powerful proprietor. They know not into whose hands they may fall, and, like the sailor, prostrate themselves before two deities of an opposite character in order to be safe in any event.

The *people* of the free States, and we doubt not a majority of them at the south, are tired of this war, and tired of this make believe opposition to the war. They would have—and they demand of their representatives in Congress—an explicit avowal of their real sentiments. Those Members who think the war necessary and honorable ought to vote for all the needed means for carrying it on. And those who really think otherwise cannot use too great plainness of speech in condemning it.

It is not becoming to hang back and to shrink from duty in a case like this. The most high minded Members of the British Parliament have ever despised this subservience to power—this chasing after mushroom popularity. In a free country we should expect freedom of utterance, and should despise the thought that an honest opinion may prove to be unpopular.

A majority of Whigs in the next Congress will amount to nothing if the Whig members fear to speak out; and the country must look to the wisdom of the Democratic party for relief from future burthens to carry on the war. The Democratic members of the free States would do well at the coming session were they not in fear of being supplanted by the Whigs.

South Carolina is quite tired of the war, and the war men may find it difficult to get along with that State in opposition; for the South Carolina members are not much in the habit of acting the part of dummies in the game. The South begins to see that some of her leading politicians have gone too far for her interests, and that it is not prudent to presume too much on the sluggishness of the northern lion; and we say to her now that when he is once aroused it will not be an easy matter to stay his claws. A piece of flesh in the form of a mission to Europe, or of a seat on the Supreme Bench, will not always keep his stomach quiet, and southern politicians must beware.

Should the free States, for once in thirty years have a Speaker of their own, independent and able, he might possibly be able and willing to have the sense of the House fully developed. And when the House had clearly voted that abolition petitions should be received he would in fact receive them and let them take the proper course with the proper Committee.

Mr. Winthrop of this city is spoken of as a prominent candidate for Speaker. He is able and ready, and may stand a better chance, with some southern members, on account of the vote that he gave to prosecute the war. And it may be that he will lose no northern votes on that account, for most of the members are in the same predicament with himself, and were entrapped at the same time by the false accounts circulated in relation to the peril of the army.

☞ The venerable Albert Gallatin has just published in New York a pamphlet on the war with Mexico. Mr. Gallatin filled one of the highest seats in the country during the last war with Britain, and was a zealous advocate of that measure. He is now eighty years of age, yet he reasons as clearly as he ever did, and shows himself a profound, eloquent, and equitable lawyer.

Mr. G. advises now to withdraw all our troops from Mexico, to the line that we think we were entitled to before the war commenced. He thinks this is the only course to be taken to bring peace with that country.

☞ At the Dedication of the Unitarian Church in Framingham, on Wednesday, Rev. Mr. Tarbox, pastor of the Orthodox Society, and Rev. Mr. Aldrich, pastor of the Baptist Society in that village attended—also the pastor of the Orthodox Society at Saxonville.

This is as it should be, for all of them are of the *Christian* persuasion—all are *Protestants*—"all have *sinned* and come short of the glory of God."

FIRE IN FRAMINGHAM. The bonnet establishment of George Richardson and Co., near the South depot, was entirely consumed on Wednesday last. We learn that most of the goods were saved. The property was insured.

HAY, HA, HA. Several large ships have recently sailed from northern ports with *hay* for Vera Cruz, with full cargoes on government account.—Two of these vessels sailed from Bath. Uncle Sam would do better to keep his horses "down east."

☞ By more recent intelligence we learn that more than 250 persons perished in Lake Michigan on board the propeller Phenix.

THE WEATHER. We have had a day or two of very cold weather. This we hear has extended throughout our country. Wednesday was mild enough and the southerly wind brought us rain on Thursday and Friday. It has been warm enough to take out all the frost from the soil in many places.

☞ Love's Last Supper," on our fourth page, will be read with much interest. It is historical, and gives an interesting view of the manners of the age of Chivalry. It is a long article, but will repay the labor of perusal.

☞ Farmers will look at our price current table with continued interest.

RAILROADS PREDICTED. Mr. Russell made a speech on the occasion of the celebration of the Northern Railroad Company, in which he quoted the following prophecy from the prophet Nahum, ch ii, v 4: "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like lightning."

PASTORAL. Rev. John Weiss of Watertown, Mass., has accepted the invitation of the first Unitarian Society of New Bedford, to become their pastor. R. W. Cushman, late pastor of the Bowdoin Square Church, has accepted the call of the Second Baptist Church in Washington city, to perform the ministerial services during the absence of their pastor, Rev. George W. Samson, on his tour to Europe and in the East.

DEDICATION AT FRAMINGHAM.

On Wednesday was dedicated the new Unitarian Church that was erected this season at Framingham Centre. The building is in Gothic style, and is said to be a model of modern taste.

Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston preached the Dedication Sermon; Rev. Mr. Bulfinch made the Introductory Prayer—Rev. J. Allen the Dedication Prayer—and Rev. Mr. Sanger of Dover closed the services.

The Dedication Hymn is from the pen of N. P. Willis. As it is concise we insert it:

"The perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple,—built by God;
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars, one by one.

He hung its starry roof on high,—
The broad, illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

The mountains in their places stood,—
The sea, the sky,—and "all was good;"
And, when its first pure praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

Lord! 't is not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for Thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
An humbler temple, "made with hands."

☞ Gov. Whitcomb of Indiana has been very seriously injured by falling between two cars while he was attempting to enter and take a seat.

We ask why the Directors of our railway companies permit such a dangerous trap as that open gulph between two cars to exist? The clumsiest carpenter in the country could soon make a platform to extend over the open gulph between two passenger cars. It might be fastened by hinges on one side to one of the two adjoining cars without interfering with the iron tie that connects them.

On Wednesday evening a gentleman from Cambridgeport, who was returning from the dedication services at Framingham, left the cars at Brighton, and just as he emerged from the one he had been sitting in the cars started suddenly and threw him on the iron bars that project from the platform of the car. We seized him by the arm and probably were the means of keeping him from falling through on to the rails. He was hurt in one of his ankles.

All such accidents as these may be avoided by proper attention on the part of the Directors.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AMERICAN COMMON SCHOOL READER. This is a text book for the systematic teaching of reading and declamation. It contains pieces in prose and verse carefully selected by Messrs. Goldsbury and Russell, principally from American authors. Mr. Russell is a critical teacher of elocution and he has given rules in the first part founded on the philosophy of the human voice, as analyzed by Dr. Rush.

The volume is dedicated to Hon. J. Q. Adams. Many teachers who have tried it in their schools commend it very highly.

It is very desirable for youth to learn to read and speak correctly and gracefully. Attention is invited to this book as one of the means of attaining these accomplishments.

"Russell's Primer," "Introduction to Primary Reader," "Primary Reader" and "Sequel" make the series of which will be wanted now in the season of schools. They are published by Mr. Chas Tappan, 114 Washington St.

THE BOTTLE. In a series of eight large engravings, by George Cruikshank, the drunkard's progress is presented to the eye. The first bottle—the discharge from employment—the execution—begging—cold, misery and want—fearful quarrels—taking life—and finally insanity—these are the scenes in regular course.

Redding & Co. 8 State Street have them on fine paper for 25 cents.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR. John M. Gallagher, late editor of the Springfield (Ohio) Republican, died recently at his residence in Springfield. Mr. G. won his way from a printer's boy to that of Speaker of the Ohio House of Representatives, in which capacity he gave the same evidence of ready talent, he evinced in the editorial department of his paper.

☞ A letter from Puebla, states that those atrocious bloodsuckers denominated "fleas" are very annoying there; that they appear to follow the Spanish race as a curse, but that they rather prefer a "fresh Yankee with a thin skin." According to the Chronotype, none but "thin skinned" Yankees go to Mexico. Perhaps one reason why the Spanish race are so ready to *flee* before our troops, is, that they are so accustomed to *fleas* that they can't help it.

THE MESSAGE. A Wasington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, says that the Postmaster General has determined to transmit the Message by special Express as far as New York—to leave the depot at Washington on the instant of its reading being commenced in the Capitol.

FIRES. The grocery store of Shattuck & Burrison, corner of Summer and New streets, East Boston, was slightly damaged on Saturday night, from some defect in the stove.

The farm house on Long Island, in Boston harbor, took fire at half past 12 o'clock, on Monday afternoon, and was entirely consumed.

At the battle of Bracito, fought by Col Doniphan's command, two Mexican women were in the action serving at the Mexican cannon; a rifle ball struck one of them in the forehead and she was borne off by her companion.

CALIFORNIA. In a letter of Mr. Bancroft's to Commodore Sloat, which has come to light in the course of the Fremont Court Martial, occurs the following passage.

"The *object* of the United States is, under its rights as a belligerent nation, *to possess itself entirely of Upper California.*

"The object of the United States has reference to ultimate peace with Mexico; and if at that peace the basis of the UTI POSSIDETIS shall be established, the Government *expects*, through your forces, *to be found in actual possession of Upper California.*"

BALANCE OF POWER. The Pendleton, S. C. Messenger, which is published in Mr. Calhoun's neighborhood, refers to the South Carolina delegation in Congress, as forming the *third or balance of power* party, and intimates that upon the Mexican question, they will advocate the occupation of a definite line.

The Hudson river railroad, in Westchester county, runs along the river edge of the farm of Mr. Nicholas Croger, for nearly a mile, passing in front of two brick yards and cutting through two or three more. Mr. Croger laid his damages at $70,000, and the jury have given him a verdict for $6750. The company offered to settle the matter at any time previous to the bringing of the suit, by the payment of a sum considerably larger.

PETTY LARCENIES. A cloak valued at $35, belonging to Hugh Jameson, was stolen from the entry of house No. 21 Beach street, Sunday evening. The junk shop of Cyrus Hill & Co., No. 216 Broad street, was broken into Saturday evening, and a large quantity of old copper stolen. A lady's cloak and shawl, of considerable value to the owner, were stolen Thursday evening last, from the house corner of Hawkins and Sudbury street. Sunday evening, from 104 Cambridge street, three breast pins and several other small articles were stolen. [Whig.

TENNESSEE. Hon. John Bell has been elected U. S. Senator from Tennessee.

SOUTH CAROLINA ON THE WAR.

The Governor of South Carolina (Gov. Aiken) is not well pleased with the progress of the war with Mexico. In his late Message to the Legislature he gives that body to understand that he can see no advantage to be gained by the farther prosecution of the war, and though South Carolina is usually on the side of the Administration, her Governor speaks as pointedly against the management of our national affairs as does Mr. Henry Clay or Mr. Webster. The following is all we have room for.

"The war with Mexico is of deep and exciting interest to every portion of the United States, and South Carolina participates largely in it. In its commencement, the ostensible object was to repel the intrusion of the Mexican army into the territory acquired by the admission of Texas into the Union. Since then, other causes have been relied on as a justification for pushing the war into the heart of the Mexican country, the most prominent of which was the neglect of Mexico to pay a sum of money stipulated for by treaty; and that, under some circumstances, would, according to the laws of nations, have been a justifiable cause of war, as, when having the means, a state pertinaciously refused to pay an acknowledged demand; but in the condition that Mexico then was, torn to pieces by domestic dissension and strife, subject to frequent revolutions, the people of the United States would never have consented to have made that alone the cause of war, against a sister Republic. We must, then, look back to the intrusion upon our territory as a justification.

If an enemy assail us, we are justified by the laws of nature and of nations, not only to repel it, but to disarm him, or to put him into a condition from which we mightly reasonably suppose he would cease to annoy us. Texas, standing alone, had driven Mexico out of the field, and actual war between them had long ceased; and, after the lessons which she had been so severely taught at Resaca de la Palma, Palo Alto, and Matamoros, it can hardly be supposed that she would have been eager again to try her strength with the arms of the United States; and the honor and interest of the country would have been vindicated by arresting the war then, at least until, in her folly and madness, she should renew the contest.

To "conquer a peace," the war has been carried into the heart of the country at an immense cost of blood and treasure. Her armies have been swept before us like grass before the reaper's scythe. Her seaports, many of her cities, and her great capital are in our possession, and yet there is no peace. We have tendered to her overtures, intended as pacific, which have been indignantly rejected, and the nation, driven to desperation, is as one man armed against us. When and how is this peace to be conquered? If by the conquest and permanent occupation of the country, it is worthy of the grave and solemn consideration of the people of the United States whether the fee simple is worth, in dollars and cents, the cost of the conquest. Suppose it conquered, the diversity in our language and religion would be an inseperable obstacle to their cordial amalgamation with us, and until their remembrance of what they at least will assume to be the wrongs we have done them shall have passed away, a large army will be necessary to keep them in subjection. Apart from those difficulties, what benefit are we to derive from the conquest? A communication between our Northwestern possessions and the Pacific ocean is certainly very desirable, but beyond this we have already territory enough to satisfy the demands of our population for many generations to come; none is hardly desirable, as we are already cavilling amongst ourselves about the spoils of the anticipated victory, which may lead to a contest more disstrous than the war itself. It becomes, then, a question of serious import and great delicacy, to determine what course, in this juncture, the government of the United States ought to pursue. It ought not, and I trust will not, do any act calculated to compromise its interest, honor, or dignity; but its object and end, in the prosecution of this war, if there be any other than the attainment of an honorable peace, is yet shut up in the closet, and I trust I shall not be deemed impertinent in making some suggestions in relation to it.

The enemy has already been severely chastised for her aggressions upon us; our arms have met with no reverses, but have triumphed in many a bloody field, always against fearful odds in numbers; we are in possession of her seaports, and I venture to suggest, as worthy of consideration, whether we should incur any odium, and whether we should not consult our our interest and dignity, by withdrawing our army from the interior of the country, and throwing around a line of circumvallation which would cut her off from all communication with the rest of the world, is not as well calculated to produce what ought to be the desired result, as laying waste the country with the sword, and at a less expense of blood and treasure?"

BUENOS AYRES, Sept 30, 1847. You are well aware that we remain in the same comfortable position we were twenty-five months ago, and it is an affair of which we do not see a finale in the vista; it is true, small craft ply continually between here and Montevideo, but our goods are constantly getting damaged by small craft with rough weather, and we are without redress, as no insurance can be effected.

The return of the French corvette Coquette is anxiously looked for in November, to bring the ultimatum of the French government—in the interim, our interests in Buenos Ayres suffer from a combination of untoward events. We may send produce from here to be shipped in foreign bottoms at Montevideo, but the freight to that place (123 miles distant) amounts to only a fraction less to the United States; then an export duty in both places, and double charges, commissions, &c., and with all imports the same—19 1-2 per cent.—there and here, to say nothing of sea risks. [Correspondence of New York Courier.

THE TICKLISHNESS OF CREDIT. A London exchange says a curious scene took place on the opening of sessions of the Central Criminal Court, which strongly marks the ticklishness of credit in time of a speculative crisis. One of the persons summoned on the grand jury, when called on to be sworn, objected to take the oath. The Recorder demanded his reasons, whereupon the summoned juror, in a most earnest and piteous manner, declared that he was embarked in business as a dealer on the Corn exchange, and that, owing to recent events, the locality had become so "feverish," that any man who was absent, even for a day, was set down as either defunct or insolvent! The cogency of the plea was acknowledged by the learned judge, and the prayer to be excused, accordingly granted.

THE NORTH WEST PASSAGE. This long disputed question, to settle which no less than six expeditions have been sent out by the British Government, is at least decided. We learn from the Montreal Herald, that the discoveries of Messrs Rae and Deese, two officers of the Hudson Bay Company, who have been engaged for the last ten years in exploring these regions, have settled, beyond much doubt, that there exists a naval passage around the northern part of this Continent. This passage is in the direction in which Capt. Parry attempted to force his way in his last expedition, entering from Lancaster Sound. Although as now seems certain, this passage does exist, it is not probable that a vessel could ever sail through, the way being continually impeded by ice.

PROVIDENCE RAILROAD. Saturday afternoon, happening to be at the Railroad station, as the afternoon passenger train, on the Providence road, was about to leave, we found that the two long sixty-passenger first class cars were entirely filled, and a considerable number of passengers were without seats, so that another car was to be added for their accommodation, on the arrival of the train at the car-house, just out of the village. There was also a long second-class car which appeared to be well filled. We learned on inquiry that there was no special cause for any unusual number of passengers, except that it was Saturday. We also learned that the receipts for the whole week, prior to Saturday, had averaged over *five hundred dolars a day* for passengers alone! The success of the road exceeds the anticipations of its most sanguine friends. We think it must add considerably also to the business of the other Railroads which concentrate here. [Worcester Spy.

The Portland Argus says that the Unitarian clergyman of Kennebunk, on Sunday the 21st. gave notice of the approaching Thanksgiving, suppressed the proclamation of Governor Dana, and read to the audience the Proclamation of the Governor of Massachusetts!

BANK ABSTRACT. The annual Bank Abstract, exhibiting the condition of the Banks in Massachusetts, on the first Saturday of Sept, 1847, as prepared from official returns, by John G. Palfrey, Secretary of the Commonwealth, has just been published. The following is the grand aggregate of the 26 Banks in the city of Boston and the 83 Banks out of Boston: Capital stock paid in, $32,113,150; bills in circulation of $5 and upwards, $14,719,422; bills in circulation less than $5, $2,476,940 25; not profits on hand, $3,499,582 77; balances due to other banks, $7,263,202 08; cash deposited, including all sums whatsoever due from the banks not bearing interest, its bills in circulation, profits and balances due to other banks excepted, $10,265,555 13; cash deposited bearing interest, $764,715 76; total amount due from the banks, 71,102,647 10 dollars; gold, silver, and other coined metals in their banking houses, 3,943,973 58 dollars; real estate, 1,062,950 21 dollars; bills of other banks incorporated in this State, 3,030,765 20 dollars; bills of other banks incorporated elsewhere, 232,698 24 dollars; balances due from other banks, 5,571,240 79 dollars; amount of all debts due including notes, bills of exchange, and all stocks and funded debts of every description, excepting the balances due from other banks, 57,260,938 97 dollars; total amount of the resources of the banks, 71,102,567 99 dollars; amount of dividends since the last annual return, viz: in April, 1847, 1,059,345 dollars; amount of reserved profits at the time of declaring the last dividend, 2,035,108 93 dollars; amount of debts due to each bank, secured by pledge of its stock, 730,613 56 dollars; amount of debts due and unpaid, and considered doubtful, 213,605 59. Average dividends of banks in Boston, in April last, a fraction less than 3 44-100 per cent; average dividends of banks out of Boston, in April last a fraction over 3 32-100 per cent; average dividends of all the banks, in April last, a fraction less than 3 39-100 per cent.

Appended to the same publication is the aggregate of the thirty-nine Savings Institutions, on the last Saturday of Sept, 1847, which is as follows: Number of depositors, 68,312; amount of deposits, 11,780,812 74 dollars; public funds, 2,130,290 93 dollars; loans on public funds, 14,060 dollars; bank stock, 1,978,951 81 dollars; loans on bank stock, 143,305 dollars; deposits, in banks, bearing interest, 140,540 06 dollars; railroad stock, 44,383 99 dollars; loans on railroad stock, 300,698 75 dollars; invested in real estate, 92,991 02 dollars; loans in mortgage of real estate, 4,132,286 66 dollars; loans to counties or towns, 947,094 56 dollars; loans on personal security, 2,053,001 05 dollars; cash on hand, 210,707 59 dollars; amount of ordinary dividends for last year, 742,462 68 dollars; average annual per cent of dividends of last five years, a fraction over 5 1-2 per cent; annual expenses of the institutions, 34,490 11 dollars. [Transcript.

CITY OF MEXICO, Oct. 21, 1847. *Climate of Mexico.* They may say what they will about the climate of Mexico—its clear skies, delightful temperature, &c. &c.—but give me the regions of the lower Mississippi, after all that has been said and sung. If one has the least tendency to complaints of a rheumatic nature, this climate, so dry and so closing to every pore, will be sure to bring them out. I say bring them out; but in this I am really all wrong. They all develop themselves hereaway with forty-horse power; but as for bringing or driving them out, that is another matter. I have been a sufferer to an extent that has almost banished sleep for a fortnight; and were my right arm in the same fix as my left, I should be compelled to hire an amanuensis, or one of the *escribientes* with which the city abounds, to let you into the secret.

A dull, sluggish, but continued pain in the right knee and ankle would be sufficient: but as if this were not enough, a nerve, leading from the left elbow to the tip of the little finger, keeps up a running neuralgic accompaniment, so severe that to sleep is impossible. The thermometer at 100 would be a luxury indeed; while any countless number of musquitoes, with a climate to match, would be bearable and a positive relief.

I should not mention my own individual case, were it not that hundreds are afflicted in the same way. An officer told me, yesterday, that he would give two months' pay for the mere privilege of being permitted to help "wood" and "fire up" on a Mississippi steamer—the exercise and attendant opening of the pores, he thought, would be a relief to him. [Cor. of N. O. Picayune.

SUPPOSED ATTEMPT TO ROB THE VILLAGE BANK. We are informed that a probable design to rob the Village Bank in North Danvers, was frustrated on Thursday, by a timely discovery. When the cashier left the bank, he took the keys home and placed them under his pillow, while he went out to spend Thanksgiving. Upon his return he discovered that the keys were not where he had left them, but that some large nails, which might be mistaken for them with only a casual observation, had been placed under the bolster, and the keys removed. Information was immediately given to the Directors, and a watch was kept upon the bank, which probably prevented the robbers from attempting to enter. The lock being unmanageable except with its proper key, had to be cut from the door before an entrance could be gained by the bank officers. [Salem Register.

MEDICAL. Dr. R. Thompson, of Columbus, Ohio, to the editor of the Statesman:—

The statement having been made that I had, in the presence of, and aided by, several professional gentlemen, removed a diseased liver from Mrs. Hugh P. Lytle, of Etna, it is due to myself and the profession to say that a post mortem examination twelve days subsequently to the operation, disclosed that it was *not* the liver. The morbid mass removed was an Ovarian tumor which had occupied the greatly increased concavity of the diaphgram, carrying the liver before it, as well as every other possible part of the abdominal cavity. It is my purpose to make a minute and detailed report; therefore I will at this time only say that the liver was below the medium size, a large portion of its convex surface adherent to the diaphragm. The thin edge of the liver, which in its natural position extends below the ribs, had been forced several inches above the margin of the diaphragm by the upward development of the tumor. This encroachment of the diaphragm upon the space appropriated to the lungs accounted for the great difficulty of breathing and threatened suffocation which existed previous to the operation.

MEXICANS ALREADY VOTING! If we have annexed no part of Mexico to the United States yet, it seems, by a statement in the Matamoros Flag, that we have annexed some of her citizens. An election took place in Texas a few days since for State officers; and the Flag tells us that at the precinct opposite Matamoros, G. T. Wood had 139 out of 153 votes for Governor; that Young received the whole number for Lieut. Governor; and that 147 were given to Gen. Lamar as Representatives—most of the voters, the Flag says, being Mexicans!

THE WEATHER. The extreme cold of yesterday and the day previous, with the sudden change from the temperate weather that preceded it, has been a fruitful theme of conversation. At the county prison at sunrise yesterday, the thermometer stood at 14 degrees above zero, and 18 below the freezing point. During the whole of last winter the same thermometer was that low on only five occasions; nine degrees above zero was the lowest point, and this occurred but once.

A thermometer at some distance from the city, and probably in a more exposed situation, stood yesterday morning at 8 degrees above zero. Considerable ice was found in the mill-dams attached to the manufactories in the vicinity of the city, and the effects of the extreme cold could be seen in the docks along the Delaware. [Philadelphia Ledger, 1st.

The New York Journal of Commerce says "Fifty-eight German Catholics last Sabbath publicly declared their continued attachment to the Catholic Apostolic Church, but their secession from the yoke of Rome. They declarod their adherence to Christ and the Bible, but to no sect of any name."

The Buffalo Advertiser says, "the stock of wheat in store is light in comparison to the amount that was anticipated would be wintered here. From an estimate made by us to-day, there appears to be about 110,000 bushels in the elevators and warehouses. The stock of corn is also light."

SUCH IS WAR. After the fury of the battle was over (says Captain Merrill of Batavia, N. Y. in a letter to his brother) I saw a camp woman of the infantry, who came upon the field to look for her husband. Almost frantic with despair she ran from one to another to inquire after him, but getting no information she immediately went to search for him among the slain. Passing from body to body she at length found him—dead. Kneeling over his corpse she endeavored to raise it, but finding life extinct she gave utterance to shrieks and lamentations truly touching to hear. Her all had fallen. She continued to remain on the field (under fire of the enemy,) until his lifeless body was carried off, which she followed in the deepest grief.

Mr. House, a shoemaker, residing near Mount Olympus, in Troy, N. Y. died of hydrophobia last week, in frightful agonies.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.—BOSTON.

Divorced from a Woman who had become the "Spiritual Wife" of a Mormon Leader. Henry Cobb vs. Augusta Cobb. This was a libel alleging crim. con. on the part of the respondent with Brigham Young, in Nauvoo, in August, 1844, and December, 1845. After living 21 years in good repute with her lawful husband, the respondent became led away with Mormonism, and, leaving her husband, went to Nauvoo, and joined the church there. After a year's trial of the system she returned to Boston, but not being able to content herself here, she made another trip to Nauvoo; returned to Boston again, and again went off, and she is now supposed to be in California with Young.

Her conduct in Nauvoo was fully described in the deposition of George J. Adams, better known under the name of "*Elder Adams*," who testified that he knew Mrs. Cobb, when she lived in the house of Brigham Young, at Nauvoo. We give the following extracts from the deposition:—

"In the fall of 1844, after her return from Nauvoo to Boston, Mrs. Cobb said she loved Brigham Young better than she did Mr. Cobb, and, live or die, she was going to live with him at all hazards. This was in the course of a conversation in which she used extravagant language in favor of Mr. Young, and against Mr. Cobb. Mrs. Cobb went out again to Nauvoo, the second time, and lived with Mr. Young, and their living together, and their conduct, was the subject of conversation in the society and out of the society. The subject of conversation, to which I have alluded, was that persons had a right to live together in unlawful intercourse, and Mrs. Cobb avowed her belief in this doctrine and said it was right"

"In conversation with Mrs. Cobb on the subject of spiritual wives, I told her such doctrine would lead to the devil; and she said if it did she would go there with Brigham Young. The Mormons were so incensed with me for my opposition to this doctrine, that they attempted to take my life in various ways. I think Mrs. Cobb was originally a woman of good feelings and good principles, but I do not think so of her now. I think she was led away by religious frenzy."

"She said, I never will forsake brother Young, come life or come death. She said that the doctrine taught by Brigham Young was a glorious doctrine; for if she did not love her husband, it gave her a man she did love."

In the cross-examination, Mr. Adams stated that he performed on the stage when he was a young man; that he was a merchant tailor in extensive business before he joined the Mormons; that he has, since he withdrew, performed at the National Theatre in this city; that Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, did not teach the doctine of spiritual wives; that Brigham Young, in assuming to be the president of the church, had usurped authority, and that he, Mr. Adams, opposed the usurpation.

The testimony of Mr. Adams was corroborated by a widow lady, who had been to Nauvoo, and while there had taken the first degree in the mysteries of the Mormon church. The second degree gave the privilege of spiritual wife-hood. Mrs. Cobb took this degree, and urged the witness to take it, and spoke of her connection with Young.

Judge Wilde decreed a full divorce from the bonds of matrimony.

F. A. Fabens, Esq., counsel for the petitioner, A.A. Dame, Esq. for the respondent. [Post.

POLICE COURT. [Monday.] George H. Ingalls, arrested in New York, on an executive warrant, on complaint of Mr. John R. Brewer, of the firm of Saunders, Brewer & Co., Milk street, charged with receiving stolen goods, was committed to jail for trial, in default of bail in the sum of $1200. It is said that Ingalls has been connected with several peculating dry goods clerks, and has received and disposed of large quantities of goods, abstracted by them in small parcels from their employers. One of those thieving gentry was arrested and bound over for trial some four weeks since, and through his disclosures the present arrest was made. The trial of Ingalls may develope an extensive combination of petty thieving in certain dry good stores where it is least expected. Our dry goods clerks have to contend with strong temptation and small salaries. George Nason, arrested by Constable Clapp, was committed for examination on a charge of stealing money from a fellow workman named Desmond.

Items of Roguery. A valuable cloak and hat were stolen from the entry of house No. 21 Beach street, on Sunday night. Cyrus Hill & Co.'s junk shop, in Broad street, was robbed of a lot of copper the same night. In Medford, Harriet Wilson, a servant girl in the family of George Stearns, decamped on Friday night with $30 worth of household articles. She is a Greek by birth, about 17 years of age and was lately an inmate of the House of Industry for bad conduct. [Mail.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Dr Streeter, Mr. Samuel W. Philbrick to Miss Julia Livingston, both of Lowell.

30th ult., by Rev Mr Barnard, Mr James F. Drummond to Miss Mary E. Underwood, all of Boston.

25th inst, by Rev Dr Beecher, Mr James H. Sedgwick to Miss Ursula M, daughter of the late Dr Colby, of Dover, N. H.

23d inst, by Rev Dr Stow, Mr John L. Platts, of Georgetown, Mass, to Miss Susan A. Barnes, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H.

By Rev Dr Sharp, Mr Isolah Knowles to Miss Nancy Gowing, both mutes. The ceremony was performed in their own language, other mutes being present.

On Sunday morning, in the Bulfinch street Church, by the Rev F. T. Gray, Mr John Faxon to Mrs Sarah C. Hamilton, both of this city.

By Rev Mr Gray, Mr Francis Sackett, of Ashburnham, to Miss Susan W. Martin, of Boston.

In Roxbury, 29th ult, Mr Samuel D. Dexter to Miss Maria G. Kes, both of R.

In Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, 28th inst, by Rev Cyrus Fay, Mr Frederick E. Wright, of Cambridge, to Miss Anna C, daughter of Amory Bell, Esq, of J. P.

In Springfield, Nov. 30, by Rev George F. Simmons, Hon James H. Johnson, of Bath, N. H, member of Congress from the 4th district of N. H, to Miss Sophia Orne, second daughter of the late Elisha Edwards Esq, of S.

In Lexington, 25th ult, by Rev Mr Whitman, Mr Chas. A. Holbrook, to Miss Maria T. Smith, both of Concord.

In St. Albans, Vt. 25th ult. by the Rev Mr Gregg Mr Jas. H. Beals to Miss Jane M. Atwell.

In Francistown, N. H, 29th inst, by Rev J. McGee, Mr Levi Bowers, of Boston, to Miss Marinn N. Parker, of F.

In Worcester, Nov. 25th, by Rev Mr Jennings, Mr John Whitney to Miss Marietta Parks.

Nov. 24th, by Rev Mr Bridge, Mr Charles Wood to Miss Harriet E. Cranc.

In Shrewsbury, Nov. 9th, by Rev Andrew Bigelow of Needham, Mr Luther Fuller of Needham, to Miss Mary F. Gates, of Shrewsbury.

In Newbury, by Rev Mr Withington, Mr Luther Dame, to Sarah E. daughter of Mr Richard Tenney.

In Haverhill, Mr Stephen Pike Jr of Bradford, to Miss Harriet Tyler of Haverhill—Mr Thomas W. Sargent to Miss Annette C. Gage, both of Haverhill.

In Lowell, Mr Jonathan Neal, of Lawrence, to Miss Caroline Emerson, of Methuen.

In Salem by Rev Mr Sessions, Mr Osgood B. Dane, of Somerville, to Miss Margaret P., daughter of Mr. Charles Sanford.

In Danvers, by Rev Mr Mudge, Mr Henry Gowing to Miss Maty Flint, both of Danvers.

In Gloucester, by Rev Mr Lamson, Mr Josiah Mayo to Miss Lydia O. Woodbury.

In Plymouth, on Thanksgiving evening, by Rev Mr Porter, Mr. Charles H. Weston, to Miss Nancy C. Barnes, of Plymouth.

On Thanksgiving evening, by Rev Mr Harvey, Mr Benjamin Swift, to Miss Ciara W. Bates, all of Plymouth.

In North Bridgewater, by Rev Daniel Huntington, Mr James W. White, of Mansfield, to Miss Louisa J. Battles, daughter of Capt John Battles, of N. B.

In Bridgewater, by Rev Mr Bradford, Mr Sidney S. Kingman, to Miss Maria Reed, both of West Bridgewater.

In Taunton, by Rev Mr Brigham, Dr Alfred Bayles, to Miss Frances A. Williams, daughter of Capt Abiathar Williams.

In East Douglas, 24th inst, by Rev Mr Rice, Mr Chas. Lincoln, of Malden, to Miss Louenza A., only daughter of Mr Luther Stone.

In Portsmouth, N. H., 29th inst, by Rev. R. W. Clark, Mr Gustavus L. Akerman, of Boston, to Miss Martha A. Hanscom, of P.

In Acton, 25th inst, by the Rev James T. Woodbury, James Kimball Esq, of Littleton, to Mrs Mary B. Harris, of New York.

In Dorchester, Nov 26th by Rev T. W. Tucker, D. S. Fogg, M. D, of Dedham, to Miss Mary B, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

In Beverly, by Rev Mr Washburn, Mr Jeremiah Porter, 2d, to Miss Sarah Leslie.

DEATHS.

In this city, Dec. on 1st inst, of inflammation of the brain, Eliza Williams Reed, only daughter of Mr David Reed, 9 yrs.

On Monday morning, very suddenly, Mr Hubbard Oliver, 76.

Nov. 26th, Richard D. Harris, Esq., who was for many years City Treasurer, 67. He was agraduate at Cambridge in 1802.

24th ult, Salome H. Noyes of Newbury, 66.

26th ult, Mrs Hudlah Stoddard, 82, formerly of Hingham.

26th ult, Mr Alexander S. Redman, 36.

28th ult, Mrs Ann Hancock, 87, formerly of Brookline.

29th ult, of consumption, Amanda, wife of John W. Morey, 22.

26th ult, Mrs Aubah, wife of Capt Nath'l Gates, formerly of Worcester, 43.

In Brighton, 26th ult, Mrs Patience Wood, 89, a pensioner; 29th ult, Mrs Joanna G. Ward, 67, widow of the late Samuel Ward, of Brookline.

In Charlestown, Jonas Barret, Jr., 16 yrs 11 mos 19 days.

In Cambridge, 27th ult, Edward Brown, 72.

In Hardwick, Mass., Nov. 20, Mr Giles Warner, 74, and on 28th, Mrs Mary E., wife of Mr Giles Warner, 22.

In Bluehill, Me., 20th ult, of pleurisy fever, Mrs Elizabeth C. S. Holt, wife of Jonah Holt, Esq.

In Greenville, Green Co., N. Y., 9th inst, Mr Reuben Baldwin, 63, late of Chelsea, Mass.

In Dorchester, 28th ult, Mr Edward Jones, 63.

In Dedham, 1st inst, Mr John Guild, 75.

In Westford, Nov. 24th, Mrs Mary, wife of Zaccheus Reed, 75. [New Hampshire and Vermont paper please copy.

In Northampton, Nov. 11, Prof. Solomon Stoddard, 86.

In Worcester, Nov. 25th, Mrs Melissa L., wife of Mr J. C. Morse, and daughter of the late Rev Erastus Learned of Canterbury, Ct., 37.

In Shrewsbury, Nov. 23, Mrs Caroline, wife of Mr Chas. O. Green, 33.

In Grafton, Nov. 23, after a protracted illness of upwards of four months, Mrs Eliza B., wife of Mr Moses C. Hayden, 25.

In Worcester, Sunday morning, Nov. 28th, after a short but distressing illness, Mrs Dolly F., wife of Dr. John Green, 59.

In Haverhill, Miss Emily Lebosquet, eldest daughter of Mr James H. Lebosquet, 17.

In Bradford, Nov. 21, of typhus fever, Annette P. Morse, widow of Daniel H. Morse, whose death by the same disease was announced two weeks ago. By the death of these persons in quick succession, four young children are bereaved of both their parents.

In Danvers North Parish, Adelaide Victoria, youngest daughter of Z. Thompson, aged 8 years and 6 months.

In Lynn, on Saturday last, Sarah B., daughter of James S. and Eliza W. Sumner, 8 yrs.

In Lawrence, Mr Patrick Twombly, 26. This man was one of the number who went over the dam at the time the coffer dam gave away. He was injured in the head.

At sea, on board ship Ilzaide, April 1st, Mr Samuel Bridges, of Beverly, 2d mate, 21.

In Hingham, 22d ult, Mr Robert D. Gardner, 60.

In Newark, N. J, 24th inst, James Beard, 80, lately frm England. He was the father of twenty-seven children, of whom 22 were daughters, and his youngest child, a son, is only seven years of age.

Number of deaths in this city for the week ending Nov. 27th, is 66. Males, 34. Females, 32. Stillborn, 10.

Causes. Consumption 13; accidental 2; typhus fever 8; scarlet fever 3; lung fever 8; rheumatic fever 1; small pox 1; intemperance 1; old age 2; infantile 2; pleurisy 1; teething 3; croup 3; disease of the bowels 2; convulsions 1; dropsy 2; diarrœha 2; abscess 1; dropsy on the brain 1; cholera infantum 1; disease of the

TWO HUNDRED LIVES LOST IN LAKE MICHIGAN:—The Buffalo Express gives the following account:

"On Sunday, the 21st ult., the propeller Phœnix, having on board some 200 men, women and children, emigrant passengers, mostly from Holland, besides the crew of about thirty persons, and forty cabin passengers, bound for Chicago, made Manitowoc Bay, Lake Michigan, in heavy weather, for shelter from the gale. She let go her anchors, but the sea was so heavy that she dragged them, and to save themselves from shipwreck she put out to sea again. She had proceeded to within about fifteen miles of Sheboygan, being about equidistant from that place and Manitowoc, and about six miles off shore, when a fire was discovered in her hold. Every effort was made to extinguish it, and with good success. But the vessel seemed doomed to destruction, for they had no sooner mastered the fire in the hold, than it broke out between decks, having been communicated from the boilers. The wind was quite fresh and blowing directly on shore, which accounts for her being so far off land. Captain Sweet was confined to his berth by sickness, and the command devolved upon his first mate. The greatest terror and confusion ensued on the second appearance of the fire, and all hope of saving the vessel was soon abandoned. A rush was then made for the small boat, when Mr. David Blish, of Southport, with great presence of mind and determination of purpose, ordered and drove them away from the boat, directing the mate to take possession of it and lower it away. He then took Capt. Sweet from his room and placed him in the boat, when he directed some twenty others to follow, and the boat left the propeller for the shore, Mr. Blish himself remaining behind.

The propeller Delaware hove in sight about the time that the boat left, and new hopes were raised on board that she might reach them in time to save them from destruction; but it was a vain hope. The boat that left for the shore arrived in safety, but before the Delaware could come up with the burning vessel, she had sunk, and all on board, except two picked up, had perished, either by fire or flood. Mr. Blish fell a victim to his efforts to save others—he being among the lost.

The calamity involves a greater destruction of human life than has ever occurred in one event, upon these waters. Most of those on board were foreigners, and their loss will not be realized, but still it is a dreadful catastrophe, which carries to destruction in so short a time, more than 200 human beings, with so small a chance for escape as appears upon this occasion. Only 30 saved from some 270 persons. Eight of the crew, we understand, were among those saved.

This account varies somewhat from others in regard to the number on board, and those saved—42 may not be strictly correct, but it is made up from the best information we could obtain."

MR. KENDALL, of the Picayune, writes as follows, from Mexico, under date of October, 22:

By letters received from Guadalaxara, we learn that the earthquake of the 2d inst. was severely felt in that vicinity. The town of Ocotlan was almost entirely destroyed, and Colima also suffered great damage. A letter sent to the bishop of Guadalaxara, written by a curate of one of the villages, says that while some two thousand persons had gathered about the ruins, they looked up and beheld the crucified Savior in a cloud; his image remaining plainly visible for full half an hour, and that during that time the awe-stricken fell upon their knees and worshipped. Such is one of the nonsensical impostions palmed off upon the superstitious and benighted inhabitants of this unfortunate land.

It is now certain that a train is to be sent down to Vera Cruz in the course of the coming week, and it is also certain that Gen. Shields, and many other wounded and disabled officers, besides Major Gaines and party, will accompany it on their way home. Many of the "outsiders," who have been with the army all summer, unable to get away, are in perfect ecstacies at the idea of once more revisiting the United States, and, what is more, you will not catch them back here in any hurry.

Referring to the rumor concerning a rising to retake Mexico, Mr. Kendall writes on the 29th:

It is known that there are many Mexican officers of rank hid away here in the capital, and that they hold nightly meetings in some secret place; more than this, it is highly probable that their deliberations may have some connection with a grand project similar to that mentioned above, but whether it will be carried out is another matter. We have no evidence in the past history of the Mexicans—at least in the history of the past ten years—that as a nation they will step forward as one man, and freely risk life, property, *all*, for the good standing and defence of the common country; and unless this is done, nothing can be effected. Heretofore all has been as it were *talk*, mere idle *talk*—self-sacrifice, a giving up of every thing, *action* is wanting—and are the Mexicans equal to this!

Captain Tobin, in his "Notes from my Knapsack," tells the following odd anecdote:

The Mississippians have the credit of being the steadiest and most exemplary regiment in the service. At one of the late meetings of their tee-total society, many of the members delivered themselves of their "experience," and one of the interesting individuals wound up by saying—"You can't consave, gintlemen, what a divil for the dhrink I was afore I jined yez. I used to dhrive a jingle between Dublin and Dunleary, afore them railroads (bad luck to 'em) were invinted, and may I never balther a paraze, if I didn't often git up of a mornin', without the price of the oats for the ould mare, and the sketch of whiskey for meself; so I had to toss up which of us 'ud go widout; but one thing I can say, gintlemen, wid a clane breast—whiniver the ould mare won, be jeez I never chated her out of the oats."

FROM MEXICO. A telegraphic dispatch to the morning papers says: Mr. Kendall of the Picayune, writing from the city of Mexico, October 29, mentions a rumor that the leading Mexicans at Queretaro had determined to raise four grand divisions of troops, to be commanded by Generals Herrara, Almonte, Anoya, and Filisola, for the purpose of recapturing the capital. General Bustamente was to be Commander-in-Chief.

FLORIDA. The legislature convened on the 23d ult. In the senate, Daniel G. McLean, of Walton, was elected president; in the house, Joseph B. Lancaster, of Duval, speaker.

Lieut. John M. Gardner, of the U. S. Navy, died at his residence in Baltimore, on Sunday, after an illness of upwards a year, contracted whilst on duty in the Gulf of Mexico.

ACCIDENT. A laborer, named William Palfrey was seriously injured on Monday forenoon, at Johnson's wharf in Charlestown. He was engaged in moving boards, one of which struck him on the head, knocked him down, and then fell on one of his feet, cutting off the great toe and so bruising the others that amputation will be necessary.

A rich service of plate, which had been purchased by merchants and others of New York City, as a present to the late Hon. Silas Wright, just previous to his death, has now been given to his widow. It weighs near 50 pounds, and consists of 118 different pieces.

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL. A male Ourang Outang, the largest ever seen in this country, arrived in Salem last week, in the Brig Allen, Captain Williams, and was purchased by that indefatigable searcher after curiosities, Mr. Sears, for exhibition in the south.

James Weston, an infant eighteen months old, died at the House of Industry on Sunday last, from the effect of a dose of medicine administered by its mother. The medicine was ordered for the mother, but she gave it to the child.

DROWNED. James Sweet, of Westbrook, Me. seaman, was lost overboard near the Isle of Shoals yesterday, from the schooner Helena.

Among the articles of dentistry are some beautiful sets of artificial Teeth, exhibited by Dr. Morton. They are some of the finest specimens we have ever seen, and seem to be the very *beau ideal* of perfection in mechanical dentistry. The tints of the teeth and gums, and their conformation, are all so true to nature, that a savage would hardly doubt that they were cut boldly from the living subject, especially if he should see the motions of mastication regularly kept up, as in one of his specimens. We were aware that Dr. M. had been at great pains to attain to the utmost that mechanical dentistry is capable of, and we have here a fair illustration of what his skill and execution have accomplished. When we add to this the recollection that it is to this same gentleman we are indebted for giving to the world the most beneficial discovery in medical science, of modern, or perhaps, any times—the ether, we cannot but think that the best our citizens can do, is to extend to such a man the most liberal individual patronage. Dr. Morton's office is at 19, Tremont Row. [Atlas.

EARTHQUAKE IN MEXICO. The recent telegraphic accounts of the destruction of the Mexican city of Atlixco, by an earthquake, was incorrect in the name of the place. The city destroyed was Ocotlan, in the State of Jalisco. The city, a very considerable one, was entirely destroyed—not a house left standing, and nearly the whole population buried in the ruins. The scene presented is described as awful. The earthquake was not confined in this one city—its effects were were felt over considerable extent of the surrounding country, and caused serious injury to several monasteries and small villages.

CONGRESS. The eve of the meeting of Congress always brings with it a fresh batch of rumors. We shall not notice the idle reports about the President's message. In a few days he will speak for himself. Another report is that Mr. Trist "has been instructed to re-open, if he can, negotiations with the government of Queretaro." We have already stated that, so far from this supposition being true, despatches have been sent on to direct Mr. Trist's return. If the Congress of Queretaro count upon our government importunately pressing a peace, they will be grossly deceived in the spirit of the administration. [Union.

GEN. TAYLOR. Gen. Taylor, accompanied by Gen. Wool, left Monterey on the 8th November, inspecting the posts, *en route*, and had reached Mier on the 13th, and was hourly expected at the Brazos when the Edith left. In addition to the information we give from the Brazos of the probable early arrival of Gen. Taylor among us, we would say that a highly portant law-suit will require his presence in Mississippi, on the first Monday (the 6th) of December. There is, therefore, but little doubt that he will reach New Orleans during the present week. [New Orleans Bulletin, 22d.

THE NEW CUNARD STEAMERS. The Glasgow Examiner gives some account of the four new steamers of the Cunard line, intended to run between Liverpool and Boston and New York. The names are the Europe, the Canada, the Niagara and the America. The America, which is similar to the others, is 30 feet wide, and 250 long, and is being fitted up with engines of 700 horse power. She may carry about eight hundred persons. All these vessels are launched.

The Legislature of Wisconsin, recently convened, has passed an act for the organization of another Convention to form a Constitution for that State. The election is to take place during the present month, and the Convention is to meet in January next, the object being to secure a Constitution and have it submitted to the people at so early a day that, if adopted, the State may be admitted into the Union before the close of the coming session of Congress.

RASCALITY. Last evening, some villain in human form broke off and removed three or four of the iron pickets to the fence around the burial ground at the foot of the Common.

The Capitol at Washington was lighted for the first time last week by the improved solar gas, lately invented by Mr. Crachett. "Imagination," says the Union, "could scarcely conceive a scene more brilliant, and we cannot command language adequate to its proper description." The Senate Chamber and the Representatives Hall are both lighted by chandeliers, each of which furnish a light equal to 5,000 spermaceti candles; while the huge lantern towering fifty feet above the Rotunda surpasses them all in brilliancy. It is estimated that the light from the lantern will be visible for over fifty miles!

The California horses are tough and swift. Major Gillespie and Capt. Findlay, left San Diego at half-past 5 o'clock on the morning of the 12th of April, and reached Ciudad de los Angelos at half-past 11 o'clock in the evening of the same day, a distance of full one hundred and thirty-five miles. They used or employed but four horses each, and were subjected to full three hours detention on the road. Neither of the gentlemen complained of exhaustion or remarkable fatigue, and are now in Washington as witnesses on the court martial of Lieut. Col. Fremont. His remarkable ride of 250 miles in two days was disclosed on the trial.

FROM HAYTI. *Blowing up of a man-of-war and Loss of Life.* Capt. Whelden, of schooner Eben Atkins, at this port, yesterday, from Cape Haytien, whence she sailed on the 14th ult., reports that previous to his sailing, information had been received at that place, that the Haytien man-of-war bark Nantilus had blown up in the Port au Prince harbor, killing *ninety* persons. No particulars were communicated to Capt. Whelden.

Captain Forbes has received a testimonial from the inhabitants of the city and county of Cork, in the shape of a large and massy salver of solid silver, measuring thirty inches in length by twenty in breadth, richly and beautifully chased with a heavy border of ornamental work; the whole being an elegant piece of workmanship, and valued at £150.

FORGERY AT ALBANY. On Saturday, a man supposed to be an Englishman, between 40 and 50 years of age, obtained $1,805 97 of the teller of the Exchange Bank, by a check to which the signature of Tweddle & Darlington was forged, so well that Mr. D. himself at first pronounced it genuine.

COMMERCIAL. We are advised that the weather was intensely cold at Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and Albany, Nov. 30. Hogs were arriving freely in the first named city, and sold for $3 to $3 18 per 100; flour $4 87 to $5. At Pittsburgh flour was $4 81 1-2 to 4 87 1-2, extra.

FINES FOR SELLING ARDENT SPIRITS. The November term of the Municipal Court was brought to a close on Saturday. The fines and costs for violations of the license laws, paid in by defendants during the term amounted to $1182 52.

FIRE IN PROVIDENCE. A barn belonging to Rowland Evans of Providence, was destroyed by fire on Saturday morning, about three o'clock, burning two horses and five cows, all very valuable. Loss estimated at $800 to $1000.

A reward of $500 has been offered by the Connecticut and Passumpsic Railroad Co, and the town of Newbury, Vt., for the arrest of the murderer of Michael Kelly, the overseer who was shot through the head during the riot on the 22d inst.

Hon. John Y. Mason, Secretary of the Navy, accompanied by Commodore Warrington and Smith, arrived at New York on Monday night on a tour of inspection of the Navy Yard and public works.

STRANGERS OF DISTINCTION. Among the passengers by the bark Talisman from Calcutta arrived to-day, are a Bengal Tiger and a Rhinoceros. [N. Y. Com. Adv.

Rev. Wm. H. Coring of Hartford is to be ordained pastor of the Congregational Church and Society in Clintonville (Lancaster,) on the 8th Dec.

The editor of the Chicago Democrat gives the following good advice: "Wives, love your husbands and make them take a paper!"

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pasture for Sale.

SITUATED in the north east part of Ashburnham. Said Pasture contains from seventy to seventy five acres of the best of land, and is fenced mostly with stone wall, and has plenty of water at all times, from never failing springs, and has pasturedthe present season thirty Cows.
MATHER HAYWARD.
Bedford, Dec. 4, 1847. tf

Blacksmith's Stock, Stand & Tools
TO SELL OR LEASE.

THE Subcriber being under the necessity on account of health, of relinquishing his business, offers an opportunity for an industrious and enterprising Mechanic, rarely to be met with. He will sell his Establishment in Lexington, situated within fifty rods of the Depot, consisting of a Blacksmith and Wheelwright Shop, with the Stock and Tools for a Blacksmith, and little less than an acre of land. He will lease his Blacksmith Shop and Tools, or hire a Blacksmith that understands the Business, (especially Shoeing, to take charge of his Shop. Either of the above opportunities for a man who wishes to secure a location in a pleasant and flourishing Village, offer an inducement seldom to be obtained. Immediate application requested.
Apply to WILLIAM WOOD.
Lexington, Dec. 4th, 1847. 3t*

Superb Volume.

TICKNOR & CO., have this day published in one elegant volume, the complete Poetical Works of N. P. Willis, being Poems of early and after years. "To a Memory, an a Hope, My Mother and my Daughter. I owe voice vibration, that has been, and them are affectionately inscribed." This volume contains seventeen beautiful engravings from original designs by the celebrated painter, Leutze, and a fine portrait of the author after the head by Lawrence, engraved by Cheney. For sale to the trade, and at retail at the store, corner of Washington and School streets. dec4

Valuable School Books.

PUBLISHED by TICKNOR & CO., 135 Washington street, "A Brief Practical Treatise on Mortars," with an account of the processes employed at the Public Works in Boston Harbor, by Lieut. Wm. H. Wright; 1 vol. Prices $100. "The Use of the Blowpipe in Chemistry and Mineralogy," by J. J. Berzelius, from the fourth enlarged and corrected edition, by D. D. Whitney, 1 vol 12mo. Price $1 25. "An Elementary Treatise on Mineralogy," comprising an introduction to the Science, by William Phillips, fifth edition from the fourth London Edition, by Robert Allan, containing the latest discoveries in American and Foreign Mineralogy, with numerous additions to the introduction, by Francis Alger, 1 vol 12mo. dec4

For Sale.

FOUR OR FIVE SWARMS OF BEES, in good and healthy condition, at MANN'S Bird Store, No. 221 Water street. tf nov27

Cattle Ties.

100 Dozen Tie Up Chains; for safety and economy, is the thing, and the only thing to tie up Cattle.
For sale low by RUGGLES NOURSE & MASON.
Agricultural Warehouse
AND
Seed Store, over the Market, Boston.
nov27 2m

To the Honorable Judge of the Court of Probate for the County of Norfolk.

THE petition of Adoniram J. Alden, Guardian to Nathaniel L. Alden of Stoughton, in said County, minor child of Seth Alden, deceased, respectfully represents, that said Ward is seized of real estate consisting of the undivided fourth part of about twenty one acres of land with a Dwelling House, Barn, Corn Barn, thereon situated in Randolph and Stoughton, on the Eastern side of the road leading from Randolph and Bridgewater, being part of the estate which was assigned to said minor, in common with others in the division of the estate of said deceased; your petitioner further represents that said minor has been recently married, and that he has no personal estate which can be applied to his support, and that the income of said real estate is insufficient for his maintenance, and that the sum of $750 is now necessary for that purpose—And that the persons interested in the estate of said ward, as next kin, presumptive heirs, or otherwise, are Eunice Alger, wife of Howard Alger, of said Stoughton, Azel Alden of Turner in the State of Maine, Lysander Alden, Samuel Alden, Adoniram J. Alden, Seth Alden, Southworth Alden, Ann A. Blanchard, wife of Isaac Blanchard, and Isaac Alden, of said Stoughton, and James Alden, of North Bridgewater, of whom said Isaac and James are minors. The said Guardian therefore prays that he may be licensed and empowered to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said Ward as will produce said sum of $750 00.
ADONIRAM J. ALDEN, Guardian.
Copy Attest;—J. H. Conn, Reg.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Norfolk, ss., Probate Office, Nov. 29, A. D., 1847.
Upon the petition of Adoniram J. Alden, Guardian to Nathaniel L. Alden of Stoughton, in said County, minor child of Seth Alden, deceased, praying that he may be licensed to sell and convey certain real estate belonging to said Ward:—Ordered, that said Guardian notify all persons interested in the estate of said Ward to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Roxbury, in said County, on the eleventh day of December, A. D., 1847, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted, by causing an attested copy of said petition, with this order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the newspaper, called the Massachusetts Ploughman, printed at Boston.
nov27 3t S. LELAND, Judge of Probate.

Seedling Pear and Plum Stocks.

10,000 Seedling Pear Stocks; also, 10,000 Seedling Plum Stocks. For sale by
JAMES HILL, Jr.,
nov13 tf 107, 109, F. H. Market, Boston.

Buck Thorn Berries.

WANTED by the subscribers, any quantity from one to ten bushels, for which we will pay cash, and a fair price.
RUGGLES, NOURSE & MASON.
Nov. 24th. tf

Hay, Straw, & Corn Stalk Cutter.

Cylinder Hay, Straw, and Corn Stalk Cutters, combining the latest improvements, and are decidedly the strongest and best Machines now in use. These machines possess several important advantages:

1st. The Knives being straight, are more easily ground or sharpened than spiral knives.

2d. They can be replaced by any blacksmith when worn out.

3d The knives are made heavier, and attached to the cylinder, without screws, confined at both ends and supported in the middle in a manner much stronger and less complicated. Thus leaving the strength of the knives uninjured and avoiding the great liability to twist, cripple, and break.

4th. The hide roller when used with Straight Knives properly set, will last much longer than when used with the spiral knife.

All sizes for sale at wholesale and retail at very low prices by RUGGLES, NOURSE & MASON, at their Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, Quincy Hall, over the Market, Boston.
Nov. 20th. tf

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the goods and estate of SARAH HALL,
late of Brookline in the County of Norfolk, widow, deceased, and has accepted said trust, and all persons having demands upon the estate of the said deceased, are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted thereto to make payment to SAMUEL STONE, Adm'r.
Nov. 29th. 3t*

Gates' Academy, Marlboro'.

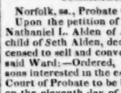
THE next term of this Institution will commence on TUESDAY, Dec., 7th, to continue 15 weeks.
Tuition in English $0 33 per week, and in the Languages $0 05 per week additional for each language. Students can be accommodated in the family of the Preceptor for $2 00 per week. This charge includes board, washing, &c.
The undersigned will furnish satisfactory references if applied to by letter. O. W. ALBEE, Preceptor.
Nov. 16th, 1847. 3t*

Notice.

Middlesex, ss. To the heirs at law, and all others interested in the estate of JEREMIAH NICHOLS, late of Stoughton, in said County, deceased, intestate. GREETING:

WHEREAS Amos Batchelder, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance to the Judge of Probate of said County the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased, and also an account of his claims as a creditor thereof. You are hereby notified to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Cambridge, in and for said County, on the second Tuesday of January next, to show cause, if any you have, against the allowance of the same.
By order of the Judge of Probate, dated at Cambridge, this sixteenth day of November, A. D., 1847.
ISAAC FISKE, Register.
Nov. 20, 3t*

Farm for Sale.



Situated in the South part of Shrewsbury, three fourths of a mile from the South Post Office, and within five miles of Worcester. Said Farm contains fifty four acres, well divided into mowing, tillage, pasture and woodland, with about one hundred Apple Trees grafted, and many more suitable to graft. The Farm will be sold low and may be made to sell four or five hundred dollars higher than is now asked for it in five years. For further particulars inquire of the Subscriber on the premises.
CHESTER V. NEWTON.
Shrewsbury, Nov. 20. tD10*

Emerson's Essays.

ESSAYS, by R. W. Emerson, First Series, New Edition.
TWICE TOLD TALES. Twice Told Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, in two vols.
TRUE STORY OF MY LIFE. Boston Library of American and Foreign Literature. The True Story of my Life, a sketch by Hans Christian Andersen, translated by Mary Howitt.
For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School street. oct16

"THE ORIGINAL STORE."

THE BOSTON CHINA TEA CO.
NO. 98 WASHINGTON STREET,
(Opposite the Marlboro' Hotel,)
BOSTON,

HAS been in operation for five years.—Originated for the sole purposes of buying and selling Teas and Coffees, *and nothing else;* it has met with unexampled success. Purchasing whole chops at once, and selling for cash only, at a small advance on the pound, they were enabled to make better selections, and sell cheaper than those not engaged exclusively in the trade. As a general rule there is

☞ TWENTY PER CENT SAVED ☜

in purchasing of us. We will sell

5 lbs good Black Tea, for	$1 25
5 lbs superior Black Tea, (Oolong flavor,)	1 50
do good Green Tea,	1 75
5 lbs good strong Young Hyson,	2 00
5 lbs delicious Green Tea,	2 25

Many Stores charge 75 cents per pound for *no better Tea.* All our Teas are packed in a style peculiarly our own, in half pound to ten pound packages, comprising over 50 different kinds, and labelled with our own label, duly copy-righted, to counterfeit which is *forgery.*

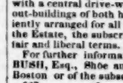
Achowe, a NATIVE CHINAMAN, who has had many years experience in Canton (his native place,) in this business, will be found at the Company's Warehouse, watering a large proportion of the Mowing land, and is undoubtedly one of the most profitable Farms in the town of Framingham. It will be sold at a great bargain if sold soon, as one of the owners is about to leave this part of the country.

For terms apply to ELIPHALET WHEELER in the Village of Framingham, or of JOHN EATON on the premises.
Framingham, Sept. 28 1847 tf oct2

For Sale.

A small Farm in Leeds, State of Maine, County of Kennebec, situated on the Stage road from Portland to Augusta, and near the Railroad now building from Lewiston Falls to Waterville. The Farm contains 151 acres of good land, divided into Mowing, Tillage and Pasturage. About 3 acres of the land is covered with a handsome second growth of Hard Wood. Upon the premises is a good Cottage House, a Barn, Sheep House, Carriage House, and Sheds, nearly new. Price $650 00. Terms $150 down. The remainder in 5 years or longer to suit the purchaser. Apply to WM. BURRIDGE, at Andover Depot. 4t nov29

Farm for Sale.



Situated in West Newbury, West Parish, near Crane Neck Hill, containing about 15 acres of good land, with forty or fifty good Fruit Trees, and a two story House, Barn, with other out Buildings.
For farther particulars, inquire of the Subscriber, living on the premises.
EZEKIEL GOWEN, Jr.
West Newbury, Nov. 20th, 1847. 6w* nov27

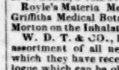
Methuen Nursery.

The subscriber respectfully announces to the public that he has on hand, and offers for sale, a good collection of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubbery, Hedge Plants and Vines. GEO. W. GAGE.
Methuen, Nov. 6, 1847. 3w*

For Sale in Framingham.

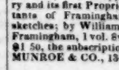
Pleasantly situated in Framingham, about two miles from the centre, on the old county road to Worcester, a two story House, 26 by 36, Barn, and Corn Barn. Also, a shop on a small stream fed from springs, with 11 acres of good land, and a variety of choice Fruit. The above place, with a small amount of wood, would be one of the most desirable in town. More land can be had if desired. The above property is worthy the notice of a gentleman or a mechanic.
Apply to ELIPHALET WHEELER, Framingham centre, or OTIS BULLARD, on the premises.
nov6 4w*

Exchange for a good Farm.



Two valuable Brick Houses in the city, nearly new, would be exchanged for a good Farm near the city.
Inquire of JOHN FENNO, Chelsea.
Chelsea, Nov. 6, 1847. tf

Farms Wanted.

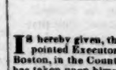


Wanted, 20 Farms, prices varying from $800 to 15,000 for which cash will be paid or taken in exchange for Boston property. Apply to
N. MUNROE, 3 State street.
nov6

Nursery.

The subcriber has at the 'Celtic Nursery,' in the north part of Franklin, near Mowry Village, now and a hundred different kinds of Fruit Trees. Also, a variety of Shrubs, Ornamental Trees, &c. Those wishing to purchase will please call and examine for themselves.
E. F. RICHARDSON.
nov6 3t*

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.



The subscriber would respectfully invite the attention of farmers and others desirous of purchasing Real Estate, to a valuable Farm in Bolton, known as the Nourse Estate. Located near the centre of the town, within eight miles of a Depot on the Fitchburg Railroad in Acton, it presents good advantages for the farmer who wishes to transport his produce to market, or the merchant who is in search of a country residence. This estate consists of one hundred and fifteen acres. There are fifty acres of excellent tillage land, twenty of which are now under cultivation, in fine condition, and a sufficient quantity of manure for the coming season. There are fifteen acres of reclaimed meadow, twenty acres of Pasturage, and thirty acres well wooded. In addition, there is fine orchard embracing a good collection of Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum and Cherry Trees. The buildings are commodious, convenient and in excellent order. The House is large, containing eight high and airy rooms, and ajoining rooms, with others in a part connected with the main building. The barn is eighty feet in length by thirty-six in width; with a central drive-way extending from end to end. The out-buildings of both house and barn are large and conveniently arranged for all ordinary purposes. Wishing to sell the Estate, the subscriber is disposed to part with it upon fair and liberal terms.
For further information inquire of JONATHAN FOR BUSH, Esq., Shoe and Leather Dealer, Blackstone st., Boston or of the subscriber, at his residence in Bolton.
f27 tf AMORY HOLMAN.

Hay, Straw & Corn Stalk Cutters.

WITH straight or spiral knives, Reed's Farming Mill, French's do, Holmes do, Corn-Shellers, Ames' cast steel Shovels, cast steel Potato Hooks, &c.
For sale very low at wholesale or retail by PARKER & WHITE, at their Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, No. 10 Gerrish Block, Blackstone Street, Boston.
oct9

New Medical Books.

MEDICAL BOOKSTORE, 135 Washington, corner of School street. TICKNOR & Co., Medical Booksellers and Publishers and Importers of Foreign Medical Books, have for sale at the lowest prices,—The New Edition of the Dispensatory of the United States of America, by George R. Wood, M. D., and Franklin Bache, M. D., the seventh edition carefully revised, 2 vols 8vo.
A New Edition of Carpenter's Human Physiology, with great additions edited by Meredith Clymer, M. D., 1 vol 8vo. A new and Enlarged Edition of Watson's Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine, edited by D. F. Condie, 1 vol 8vo.
Chelius System of Surgery, translated with additions, by J. F. South, 3 vols 8vo.
Royle's Materia Medica and Therapeutics, 1 vol 8vo.
Griffiths Medical Botany, with numerous engravings, 1 v.
Morton on the Inhalation of Ether, price 25 cents, &c., &c.
W. D. T. & Co., have constantly on hand a complete assortment of all new and standard Medical Books, of which they have recently published. A very full catalogue which can be obtained gratis on application to them.
oct30 135 Washington st.

History of Framingham.

JUST published, a History of Framingham, Massachusetts, including the plantation, from 1640 to the present time, with an appendix, containing a notice of Sudbury and its first Proprietors; also, a Register of the Inhabitants of Framingham before 1800, with genealogical sketches; by William Barry, late pastor of the church in Framingham, 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 456. A few copies for sale at $1 50, the subscription price, by the Publishers, JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st.
o16

Spanish Merino Sheep.

THE subscriber has a few Bucks of the Spanish Merino Breed, which he now offers for sale. They are large and fine proportion, hardy constitution, and shear very heavy fleeces.
An opportunity is now offered for any one desirous of improving their flocks by an increase of weight of fleece and still retaining the fineness.
Letters may be addressed to HENRY C. TAINTER, Hampton, Conn. 3t nov13

Notice

IS hereby given, that the Subscriber, has been duly appointed Executor, of the will of Beulah Griggs, late of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, widow, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds as the law directs, and all persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased, are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to the said estate, are called upon to make payment to THOMAS GRIGGS, Executor.
Brookline, Oct. 18, 1847. 3w* nov13

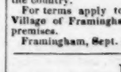
Eagle Nursery, near Providence, R. I

This establishment is about half a mile south of the city of Providence, on the middle road or New London Turnpike, where may be found a large variety of new and rare kinds of Apples, Pears, Cherries, Plums, Peaches, Quinces, Apricots, Nectarines; with other kinds of small fruits such as English Gooseberries, Currants, Strawberries, Raspberries, &c. Ornamental Trees of almost every description, Shrubs, Vines, Plants, Roses, Dahlias, &c.
We have from eight to ten thousand European Red Berried Mountain Ash, most of which are large enough to transplant as standards the present fall and coming spring, which we shall sell low by the hundred, as we have such a large stock of them. The above Trees and Plants are in fine healthy state, and will be sold low the present Fall or coming Spring, and their genuineness may be depended upon. The subscribers will unremittingly endeavor to merit the confidence and patronage of the public, by integrity and liberality in dealing, and moderation in charges.
SILAS MOORE & CO., Proprietors.
Orders received by James Hill, Jr., No. 107, 109, F. H. Market, Boston, Mass. 5w o15

Valuable Farm for Sale.

A large Farm situated in the North part of Framingham, known as the Eaton Farm, containing 140 acres of rich and valuable land, with a large Dwelling House, 40 by 32 feet. Barn 72 feet by 37, with all the necessary out Buildings, such as Sheds, Carriage House, Cider Mill, Granaries &c.,
Said Farm is well watered with a never failing Brook, watering a large proportion of the Mowing land, and is undoubtedly one of the most profitable Farms in the town of Framingham. It will be sold at a great bargain if sold soon, as one of the owners is about to leave this part of the country.
For terms apply to ELIPHALET WHEELER in the Village of Framingham, or of JOHN EATON on the premises.
Framingham, Sept. 28 1847 tf oct2

For Sale.



A small Farm in Leeds, State of Maine, County of Kennebec, situated on the Stage road from Portland to Augusta, and near the Railroad now building from Lewiston Falls to Waterville. The Farm contains 151 acres of good land, divided into Mowing, Tillage and Pasturage. About 3 acres of the land is covered with a handsome second growth of Hard Wood. Upon the premises is a good Cottage House, a Barn, Sheep House, Carriage House, and Sheds, nearly new. Price $650 00. Terms $150 down. The remainder in 5 years or longer to suit the purchaser. Apply to WM. BURRIDGE, at Andover Depot. 4t nov29

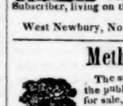
Farm for Sale.

Situated in West Newbury, West Parish, near Crane Neck Hill, containing about 15 acres of good land, with forty or fifty good Fruit Trees, and a two story House, Barn, with other out Buildings.
For farther particulars, inquire of the Subscriber, living on the premises.
EZEKIEL GOWEN, Jr.
West Newbury, Nov. 20th, 1847. 6w* nov27

Methuen Nursery.

The subscriber respectfully announces to the public that he has on hand, and offers for sale, a good collection of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubbery, Hedge Plants and Vines. GEO. W. GAGE.
Methuen, Nov. 6, 1847. 3w*

For Sale in Framingham.



Pleasantly situated in Framingham, about two miles from the centre, on the old county road to Worcester, a two story House, 26 by 36, Barn, and Corn Barn. Also, a shop on a small stream fed from springs, with 11 acres of good land, and a variety of choice Fruit. The above place, with a small amount of wood, would be one of the most desirable in town. More land can be had if desired. The above property is worthy the notice of a gentleman or a mechanic.
Apply to ELIPHALET WHEELER, Framingham centre, or OTIS BULLARD, on the premises.
nov6 4w*

Exchange for a good Farm.

Two valuable Brick Houses in the city, nearly new, would be exchanged for a good Farm near the city.
Inquire of JOHN FENNO, Chelsea.
Chelsea, Nov. 6, 1847. tf

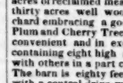
Farms Wanted.

Wanted, 20 Farms, prices varying from $800 to 15,000 for which cash will be paid or taken in exchange for Boston property. Apply to
N. MUNROE, 3 State street.
nov6

Nursery.

The subcriber has at the 'Celtic Nursery,' in the north part of Franklin, near Mowry Village, now and a hundred different kinds of Fruit Trees. Also, a variety of Shrubs, Ornamental Trees, &c. Those wishing to purchase will please call and examine for themselves.
E. F. RICHARDSON.
nov6 3t*

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.



The subscriber would respectfully invite the attention of farmers and others desirous of purchasing Real Estate, to a valuable Farm in Bolton, known as the Nourse Estate. Located near the centre of the town, within eight miles of a Depot on the Fitchburg Railroad in Acton, it presents good advantages for the farmer who wishes to transport his produce to market, or the merchant who is in search of a country residence. This estate consists of one hundred and fifteen acres. There are fifty acres of excellent tillage land, twenty of which are now under cultivation, in fine condition, and a sufficient quantity of manure for the coming season. There are fifteen acres of reclaimed meadow, twenty acres of Pasturage, and thirty acres well wooded. In addition, there is fine orchard embracing a good collection of Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum and Cherry Trees. The buildings are commodious, convenient and in excellent order. The House is large, containing eight high and airy rooms, and ajoining rooms, with others in a part connected with the main building. The barn is eighty feet in length by thirty-six in width; with a central drive-way extending from end to end. The out-buildings of both house and barn are large and conveniently arranged for all ordinary purposes. Wishing to sell the Estate, the subscriber is disposed to part with it upon fair and liberal terms.
For further information inquire of JONATHAN FOR BUSH, Esq., Shoe and Leather Dealer, Blackstone st., Boston or of the subscriber, at his residence in Bolton.
f27 tf AMORY HOLMAN.

Hay, Straw & Corn Stalk Cutters.

WITH straight or spiral knives, Reed's Farming Mill, French's do, Holmes do, Corn-Shellers, Ames' cast steel Shovels, cast steel Potato Hooks, &c.
For sale very low at wholesale or retail by PARKER & WHITE, at their Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, No. 10 Gerrish Block, Blackstone Street, Boston.
oct9

New Medical Books.

MEDICAL BOOKSTORE, 135 Washington, corner of School street. TICKNOR & Co., Medical Booksellers and Publishers and Importers of Foreign Medical Books, have for sale at the lowest prices,—The New Edition of the Dispensatory of the United States of America, by George R. Wood, M. D., and Franklin Bache, M. D., the seventh edition carefully revised, 2 vols 8vo.
A New Edition of Carpenter's Human Physiology, with great additions edited by Meredith Clymer, M. D., 1 vol 8vo. A new and Enlarged Edition of Watson's Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine, edited by D. F. Condie, 1 vol 8vo.
Chelius System of Surgery, translated with additions, by J. F. South, 3 vols 8vo.
Royle's Materia Medica and Therapeutics, 1 vol 8vo.
Griffiths Medical Botany, with numerous engravings, 1 v.
Morton on the Inhalation of Ether, price 25 cents, &c., &c.
W. D. T. & Co., have constantly on hand a complete assortment of all new and standard Medical Books, of which they have recently published. A very full catalogue which can be obtained gratis on application to them.
oct30 135 Washington st.

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THE POET'S CORNER.

FAITH.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

Restless and oft complaining, on his bed
Tossed a fair child, as tortured along his veins
The fire of fever, with consuming paine;
And ever and anon he raised his head
From the hot pillow, and beseeching said:
"Water! oh, give me water!" By his side
The healer stood, and tenderly replied:
"Wait yet awhile—this potion take instead."
"No," said the child, "'tis poison, and will kill!"
His father took the cup:—"My son, be sure
This is a nauseous draught, but it may cure—
Will my boy drink it?" Then said he, "I will;
I'm not afraid 'tis poison now; I know
You would not give it, father, were it so."

Oh, trusting childhood! I would learn of thee
This lesson of pure faith, and to my heart
So bind it that it never may depart;
Therefore shalt thou henceforth my teacher be;
For in thy perfect trust the sin I see
Of my own doubts and fears. The cup of life,
Drugged with the bitterness of tears and strife,
Shall I not drink it when 'tis proffered me!
Yes; for 'tis mingled by a father's hand,
And given in love; for, rightly understood,
Trials and pains tend ever to our good;
Healing the soul, that for the better land
Thirsts with a deathless longing! Welcome pain,
Whose cost is bliss and everlasting gain!

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Love's Last Supper.

OR THE TRUE STORY OF A TROUBADOUR.

A PROVENCAL BIOGRAPHY.

By Wm. Gilmore Simms, Author of "The Yemassee," "Richard Hurdis," etc.

In the first conception of the institution of chivalry it was doubtless a device of great purity, and contemplated none but highly proper and becoming purposes. Those very features which, in our more sophisticated era, seem to have been the most absurd, or at least fantastic, were, perhaps among its best securities. The sentiment of love, apart from its passion, is what a very earnest people, in a very selfish period, cannot so well understand; but it was this very separation of interests, which we now hold to be inseparable, that constituted the peculiarity of chivalry—the fanciful in its characteristics rendering sentiment independent of passion, and refining the crude desire by the exercise and influence of tastes, which do not usually accompany it. Among the Provencal knights and troubadours, in the palmy days of their progress, love was really the most innocent and the most elevated of sentiments. It seems to have been nursed without guile, and was professed, even when seemingly in conflict with the rights of others, without the slightest notion of wrong doing or offence. It did not vex the temper, or impair the marital securities of the husband, that the beauties of his dame were sung with enthusiasm by the youthful poet; on the contrary, he who gloried in the possession of a jewel, was scarcely satisfied with fortune, unless she brought to a just knowledge of its splendors, the hard who alone could convey to the world a similar sense of the value of his treasure. The narrative which we have gathered from the ancient chronicles of Provence, and which we take occasion to say is drawn from the most veracious sources of history, will illustrate the correctness of these particulars.

One of the most remarkable instances of the sentiment of love, warmed into passion, yet without evil in its objects, is to be found in the true and touching history of Guillaume de Cabestaign, a noble youth of Roussillon. Though noble of birth, Guillaume was without fortune, and it was not thought improper or humiliating in those days that he should serve, as a page, the knight whose ancestors were known to his own as associates. It was in this capacity that he became the retainer of Raymond, Lord of Roussillon. Raymond, though a haughty baron, was one who possessed certain generous tastes and sentiments, and who showed himself capable of appreciating the talents and great merits of Guillaume de Cabestaign. His endowments, indeed were of a character to find ready favor with all parties. The youth was not only graceful of carriage, and particularly handsome of face and person, but he possessed graces of mind and manner which especially commended him to knightly sympathy and admiration. He belonged to that class of *improvisatori* to whom the people of Provence gave the name of troubadour, and was quite as ready to sing the praises of his mistress, as he was to mount horse, and charge with sword and lance in her defence and honor. His muse, taking her moral aspect from his own, was pure and modest in her behavior—indulging in no song or sentiment which would not fall becomingly on the most virgin ear. His verses were distinguished equally by their delicacy and fancy, and united to a spirit of the most generous and exulting life a taste of the utmost simplicity and purity. Not less gentle than buoyant, he was at once timid in approach, and joy-giving in society; and while he compelled the respect of men by his frank and fearless manhood, he won the hearts of the other sex by those gentle graces which, always prompt and ready, are never obtrusive, and which leave us only to the just appreciation of their value, when they are withdrawn from our knowledge and enjoyment.

It happened, unfortunately for our troubadour, that he won too many hearts. Raised by the Lord of Roussillon to the rank of gentleman usher to the Lady Marguerite, his young and beautiful wife, the graces and accomplishments of Guillaume de Cabestaign, soon became quite as apparent and agreeable to her as to the meanest of the damsels in her train. She was never so well satisfied as in his society; and her young and ardent soul, repelled rather than solicited by the stern nature of Raymond, her lord, was better prepared and pleased to sympathize with the more beguiling and accessible spirit of the page. The tenderest impressions of love, without her own knowledge, soon seized upon her heart; and she had learned to sigh as she gazed upon the person that she favored, long before she entertained the slightest consciousness that he was at all precious to her eyes. He himself, dutiful as devoted, for a long season beheld none of these proofs of favor on the part of his noble mistress. She called him her servant, it is true, and he as such, sung daily in her praises the equal language of the lover and the knight. These were words, however, of specific and conventional meaning, to which her husband listened with indifferent ear. In those days every noble lady entertained a lover, who was called her servant. It was a prerogative of nobility that such should be the case. It spoke for the courtliness and aristocracy of the party; and to be without a lover, though in the possession of a husband, was to be an object of scornful sympathy in the eyes of the sex. Fashion, in other words, had taken the name of chivalry; and it was one of her regulations that the noble lady should possess a lover, who should of necessity be other than her lord. In this capacity, Raymond of Roussillon, found nothing of which to complain in the devotion of Guillaume de Cabestaign to Marguerite, his wife. But the courtiers who gathered in her train were not so indulgent, or were of keener sight. They soon felt the preference which she gave, over all others, to our troubadour. They felt, and they resented it the more readily, as they were not insensible to his personal superiority. Guillaume himself, was exceeding slow in arriving at a similar consciousness. Touched with a fonder sentiment for his mistress than was compatible with his security, his modesty had never suffered him to suppose that he had been so fortunate as to inspire her with a feeling as he now knew within himself. It was at a moment when he least looked for it, that he made the perilous discovery. It was in the course of a discussion upon the various signs of love—such a discussion as occupied the idle hours, and the wandering fancies of chivalry—that she said to him, somewhat abruptly,

"Surely thou, Guillaume, thou, who canst sing of love so tenderly, and with so much sweetness, thou, of all persons, should be the one to distinguish between a feigned passion and a real one. Methinks the eye of him who loves truly, could most certainly discover from the eye of the beloved one, whether the real flame were yet burning in her heart."

And even as she spoke, the glance of her dark and lustrous eye settled upon his own with such a dewy and quivering fire, that his soul at once became enlightened with her secret. The troubadour was necessarily an *improvisatore*. Guillaume de Cabestaign was admitted to be one of the most spontaneous in his utterance of all his order. His lyre took for him the voice which he could not well have used at that overpowering moment. He sung wildly and triumphantly, inspired by his new and rapturous consciousness, even while her eyes were yet fixed upon him, full still of the involuntary declaration which made the inspiration of his song. These verses, which embodied the first impulsive sentiment which he had ever dared to breathe from his heart of the passion which had long been lurking within it, have been preserved for us by the damsels of Provence. We translate them, necessarily to the great detriment of their melody, from the sweet South, where they had birth, to our harsher Runic region. The song of Guillaume was an apostrophe.

Touch the weeping string!
Those whose beauty fires me;
Oh! how vainly would I sing
The passion that inspires me.
This, dear heart, believe,
Were the love I've given,
Half as warm for Heaven as thee,
I were worthy heaven!

Ah! should I lament,
That, in evil hour,
Too much loving to repent,
I confess thy power.
Too much blessed to fly,
Yet, with shame confessing,
That I dread to meet the eye,
Where my heart finds blessing.

Such a poem is beyond analysis. It was simply a gush of enthusiasm—the lyrical overflow of sentiment and passion, such as a song should be always. The reader will easily understand that the delicacy of the tune, the epigrammatic intenseness of the expression, is totally lost in the difficulty of subjugating our more stubborn language to the uses of the poet. A faint and inferior idea of what was said sung at this moment of wild and almost spasmodical utterance, is all that we design to convey.

The spot in which this scene took place was amid the depth of umbrageous trees, in the beautiful garden of Chateau Roussillon. A soft and persuasive silence hung suspended in the atmosphere. Not a leaf stirred, not a bird chirruped in the foliage; and however passionate was the sentiment expressed by the troubadour, it scarcely rose beyond a whisper—harmonizing in the subdued utterance, and the sweet delicacy of its sentiment with the exquisite repose and languor of the scene. Carried beyond herself by the emotions of the moment, the feeling of Marguerite became so far irresistible that she stooped ere the song of the troubadour had subsided from the ear, and pressed her lips upon the forehead of her kneeling lover. He seized her hand at this moment and carried it to his own lips, in an equally involuntary impulse. This act awakened the noble lady to a just consciousness of her weakness. She at once recoiled from his grasp.

"Alas!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands, "what have I done!"

"Ah, lady!" was the answer of the troubadour, "it is thy goodness which has at length discovered how my heart is devoted to thee. It is thy truth, and thy nobleness, dear lady, which I love and worship."

"By these shalt thou know me ever, Guillaume of Cabestaign," was the response; "and yet I warn thee, she continued, "I warn and I entreat thee, dear servant, that thou approach me not so near again. Thou hast shown to me, and surprised from me, a most precious but an unhappy secret. Then hast, too, deeply found thy way into my heart. Alas! wherefore! wherefore!" and the eyes of the amiable and virtuous woman were suffused with tears, as her innocent soul trembled under the reproaches of her jealous conscience. She continued,

"I cannot help but love thee, Guillaume of Cabestaign, but it shall never be said that the love of the Lady Marguerite of Roussillon was other than became the wife of her lord. Thou, too, shall know me by love only, Guillaume; but it shall be such a love as shall work neither of us trespass. Yet do not thou cease to love me as before, for, of a truth, dear servant, the affections of thy heart are needful to the life of mine."

The voice of the troubadour was only in his lyre. At all his events, his reply has been only preserved to us in song. It was in the fulness of his joy that he again poured forth his melody.

Where spreads the pleasant garden,
Where blow the precious flowers,
My happy lot hath found me
The bud of all the bowers.
Heaven framed it with a likeness,
Its very self in sweetness,
Where virtue crowns the beauty,
And love bestows completeness.
Still humble in possession,
That humble all that prove her,
I joy in the affections,
That suffer me to love her;
And in my joy I worship,
And in my tears I sing her,
The love that others hide away,
She suffers me to bring her.
This right is our my homage,
For while they speak her beauty,
'Tis I alone that feel it well,
And love with perfect duty.

It does not appear that love trespassed in this instance beyond the sweet but narrow boundaries of sentiment. The lovers met daily, as usual, secretly as well as publicly, and their professions of attachment were frankly made in the hearing of the world; but the vows thus spoken were not articulated any longer in that formal, conventional phraseology and manner, which, in fact, only mocked the passion which it affectedly professed. It was soon discovered that the songs of Guillaume de Cabestaign were no longer the frigid effusions of mere gallantry, the common, stilt style of artifice and commonplace. There was life, and blood, and a rare enthusiasm in his lyrics. His song was no longer a thing of air, floating, as it had done, on the wingtets of a simple fancy, but a living and a burning soul, borne upward and forward, by the gales of an intense and earnest passion. It was seen, that when the poet and his noble mistress spoke together, the tones of their voices mutually trembled as if with a strange and eager sympathy. When they met, it was noted that their eyes seemed to dart at once into each other, with the intensity of two wedded fires, which high walls would vainly separate, and which, however sundered, show clearly that they will overleap their bounds, and unite themselves in one at last. Theirs was evidently no stimulated passion. It was too certainly real, as well in other eyes as their own. The world, though ignorant of the mutual purity of their hearts, were yet quick enough to discern what were their real sentiments. They saw the affections of which they soon learned, naturally enough, to conjecture the worst only. The rage of rivals, the jealousy of inferiors, the spite of the envious, the malice of the wantonly scandalous, readily found cause of evil where in reality offence was none. To conceive the crime, was to convey the cruel suspicion, as a certainty, to the mind of him whom the supposed offence most affected. Busy tongues soon assailed the ears of the Lord of Roussillon, in relation to his wife. They whispered him to watch the lovers—to remark the eager intimacy of their eyes—the tremulous sweetness of their voices, and their subdued tones whenever they met—the frequency of their meetings—the reluctance with which they separated; and they dwelt with emphasis upon the pointed and passionate declarations, the intensity and ardor of the sentiments which now filled the songs of the troubadour—so very different from what they had ever been before. In truth, the new passion of Guillaume had wrought wondrously in favor of his music. He who had been only a clever and dexterous imitator of the artificial strains of other poets, had broken down all the fetters of convention, and now poured forth the most natural and original poetry of his own, greatly to the increase of his reputation as a troubadour.

Raymond de Roussillon hearkened to these suggestions in silence, and with a gloomy heart. He loved his wife truly, as far as it was possible for him to love. He was a stern, harsh man, fond of the chase, of the toils of chivalry rather than its sports; was cold in his own emotions, and with an intense self-esteem, that grew impatient under every sort of rivalry. It was not difficult to impress him with evil thoughts, even where he had bestowed his confidence; and to kindle his mind with the most terrible suspicions of the unconsciously offending parties. Once aroused, the dark, stern man, resolved to avenge his supposed wrong; and hearing one day that Guillaume had gone out hawking, and alone, he hastily put on his armor, concealing it under his courtly and silken vestments, took his weapon, and rode forth in the direction which the troubadour had taken. He overtook the latter after a while, upon the edge of a little river that wound slowly through a wood. Guillaume de Cabestaign approached his lord without any misgiving; but as he drew near, a certain indefinable something in the face of Raymond, inspired a feeling of anxiety in his mind, and, possibly, the secret consciousness in his own bosom, added to his uneasiness. He remembered that it was not often that great lords thus wandered forth unattended; and the path which Raymond pursued was one that Guillaume had taken because of its obscurity, and with the desire to find a solitude in which he might brood securely over his own secret fancies and affections. His doubts thus awakened, our troubadour prepared to guard his speech. He boldly approached his superior, however, and was the first to break silence.

"You here, my lord, alone! How does this chance?"

"Nay, Guillaume," answered the other, mildly, "I heard that you were here, and hawking, and resolved to share your amusement. What has been your sport?"

"Nothing, my lord. I have scarcely seen a single bird; and you remember the proverb—'Who finds nothing, takes not much.'"

The artlessness and simplicity of the troubadour's speech and manner, for the first time, inspired some doubts in the mind of Raymond, whether he could be so guilty as his enemies had reported him. His purpose, when he came forth that morning, had been to ride the supposed offender down, whenever he encountered him, and to thrust his boar-spear through his body. Such was the summary justice of the feudal baron. Milder thoughts had suddenly possessed him. If Raymond of Roussillon was a stern man, jealous of his honor, and prompt in his resentment, he at least desired to be a just man; and a lurking doubt of the motives of those by whom the troubadour had been slandered, now determined him to proceed more deliberately in the work of justice. He remembered the former confidence which he had felt in the fidelity of the page, and he was not insensible to the charm of his society. Every sentence which had been spoken since their meeting, had tended to make him hesitate before he hurried to judgment in a matter where it was scarcely possible to repair the wrong which a rash and hasty vengeance might commit. By this time, they had entered the wood together, and were now concealed from all human eyes. The Lord of Roussillon alighted from his horse, and mentioned his companion to seat himself beside him in the shade. When both were seated, and after a brief pause, Raymond addressed the troubadour in the following language:

"Guillaume de Cabestaign," said he, "be sure I came not hither this day to talk to you of birds and hawking, but of something more serious. Now, look upon me, and as a true and loyal servant, see that thou answer honestly to all that I shall ask of thee."

The troubadour was naturally impressed by the stern simplicity and solemnity of this exordium. He was not unaware that, as the knight had alighted from his steed, he had done so heavily, and under the impediment of concealed armor. His doubts and anxieties were necessarily increased by this discovery, but so also was his firmness. He felt that much depended upon his coolness and address, and he steeled himself with all his soul, to the trial which was before him. The recollection of Marguerite, and of her fate and reputation depending upon his own, was the source of no small portion of his present resolution. His reflections were instantaneous; there was no unreasonable delay in his answer, which was at once manly and circumspect.

"I know not what you aim at or intend, my lord, but, by heaven! I swear to you that, if it be proper for me to answer you in that you seek, I will keep nothing from your knowledge that you desire to know!"

"Nay, Guillaume," replied the knight, "I will have no conditions. You shall reply honestly, and without reserve, to all the questions I shall put to you."

"Let me hear them, my lord—command me, as you have the right," was the reply of the troubadour, "and I will answer you, with my conscience, as far as I can."

"I would then know from you," responded Raymond, very solemnly, "on your faith, and by your God, whether the verses that you make are inspired by a real passion?"

A warm flush passed over the cheeks of the troubadour; the pride of the artist was offended by the inquiry. That it should be questioned whether he really felt what he so passionately declared, was a disparaging judgment upon the merits of his song.

"Ah! my lord," was the reply, expressed with some degree of mortification, "how could I sing as I do, unless I really felt all the passion which I declare. In good sooth, then, I tell you, love has the entire possession of my soul."

"And, verily, I believe thee, Guillaume," was the subdued answer of the baron; "I believe thee, my friend, for unless a real passion was at his heart, no troubadour could ever sing as thou. But, something more of thee, Guillaume de Cabestaign. Prithee, now, declare, to me the name of the lady whom thy verses celebrate."

Then it was that the cheek of our troubadour grew pale, and his heart sunk within him; but the piercing eye of the baron was upon him. He had no moment for hesitation. To falter now, he was well assured, was to forfeit love, life, and every thing that was proud and precious in his sight. In the moment of exigency the troubadour found his answer. It was evasive, but adroitly conceived and expressed.

"Nay, my lord, will it please you to consider! I appeal to your own heart and honor—can any one, without perfidy, declare such a secret! Reveal a thing that involves the rights and the reputation of another, and that other a lady of good fame and quality! Well must you remember what is said on this subject by the very master of our art, no less a person than the excellent Bernard de Ventadour. He should know—what says he?"

The baron remained silent, while Guillaume repeated the following verses of the popular troubadour, whose authority he appealed to:

"The spy your secret still would claim,
And asks to know your lady's name;
But tell it not for very shame!

"The loyal lover sees the snare,
And neither to the waves nor air,
Betrays the secret of his fair.

"The duty that to love we owe,
Is, while to her we all may show,
On others nothing to bestow."

Though seemingly well adapted to his objects the quotation of our troubadour was unfortunate. There were yet other verses to this instructive ditty, and the Baron of Roussillon, who had listened very patiently as his companion recited the preceding, soon proved himself to have a memory for good songs, though he never pretended to make them himself. When Guillaume had fairly finished, he took up the strain after a brief introduction.

"That is all very right and very proper, Guillaume, and I gainsay not a syllable that Master Bernard hath written; nay, methinks my proper answer to thee lieth in another of his verses, which thou shouldst not have forgotten while reminding me of its companions. I shall refresh thy memory with the next that follows." And without waiting for any answer, the baron proceeded to repeat another stanza of the old poem, in very credible style and manner for an amateur. This remark Guillaume de Cabestaign could not forbear making to himself, though he was conscious at the same time that the utterance of the baron was in singularly slow and subdued accents—accents that scarcely rose above a whisper, and which were timed as if every syllable were weighed and spelled, ere it was confided to expression. The verse was as follows:

"We yield her name to those alone,
Who, when the sacred truth is shown,
May help to make the maid our own."

"Now, me thinks," continued the baron, "here lieth the wisdom of my quest. Who better than myself can help to secure thee thy desires, to promote thy passions, and gain for thee the favor of the fair? Tell me, then, I command thee, Guillaume, and I promise thee with my best efforts and advice."

Here was a dilemma. The troubadour was foiled with his own weapons. The quotation from his own authority was conclusive against him. The argument of Raymond was irresistible. Of his ability to serve the young lover there could be no question; and as little could the latter doubt the readiness of that friendship—assuming his pursuit to be a proper one—to which he had been so long indebted for favor and protection. He could excuse himself by no further evasion; and having admitted that he really and deeply loved, and that his verses declared a real and living passion, it became absolutely necessary that our troubadour, unless he would confirm the evident auspicions of his lord, should promptly find for her a name. He did so. The emergency seemed to justify a falsehood; and, with firm accents, Guillaume did not scruple to declare himself devoted, heart and soul, to the beautiful Lady Agnes de Tarrascon, the sister of Marguerite, his real mistress. At the pressing solicitation of Raymond, and in order to render applicable to this case certain of his verses, he admitted himself to have received from this lady certain favorite smiles, upon which his hopes of future happiness were founded. Our troubadour was persuaded to select the name of this lady, over all others, for two reasons. He believed that she suspected, or somewhat knew of the mutual flame which existed between himself and her sister; and he had long been conscious of that benevolence of temper which the former possessed, and which he fondly thought would prompt her in some degree to sympathize with him in his necessity, and lend herself somewhat to his own and the extrication of Marguerite. After making his confession, he concluded by imploring Raymond to approach his object cautiously, and by no means to peril his fortunes in the esteem of the lady he professed to love.

But the difficulties of Guillaume de Cabestaign were only begun. It was not the policy of Raymond to be satisfied with his simple asservations. The suspicions which had been awakened in his mind by the malignant suggestions of his courtiers, were too deeply and skilfully infixed there, to suffer him to be soothed by the mere statement of the supposed offender. He required something of a confirmatory character from the lips of Lady Agnes herself. Pleased, nevertheless, at what he had heard, and at the readiness and seeming frankness with which the troubadour had finally yielded his secret to his keeping, he eagerly assured the latter of his assistance in the prosecution of his quest; and he, who a moment before had coolly contemplated a deliberate murder, to revenge a supposed wrong to his own honor, did not now scruple to profess his willingness to aid his companion in compassing the dishonor of another. It did not matter much to our sullen baron that the victim was the sister of his own wife. The human nature of Lord Raymond of Roussillon, his own dignity uninjured, had but little sympathy with his neighbor's rights and sensibilities. He promptly proposed, at that very moment, to proceed on his charitable mission. The castle of Tarrascon was in sight; and, pointing to its turrets, that rose loftily above the distant hills, the imperious finger of Raymond gave the direction to our troubadour, which he shuddered to pursue, but did not dare to decline. He now began to feel all the dangers and embarrassments which he was about to encounter, and to tremble at the disgrace and ruin which seemed to rise, threatening and dead before him. Never was woman more virtuous than the Lady Agnes. Gentle and beautiful, like her sister Marguerite, her reputation had been more fortunate in escaping wholly the assaults of the malignant. She had always shown an affectionate indulgence for our troubadour, and a delighted interest in his various accomplishments; and he now remembered all her goodness and kindness only to curse himself, in his heart, for the treachery of which he had just been guilty. His remorse at what he had said to Raymond, was not the less deep and distressing from the conviction that he felt, that there had been no other way left him of escape from his dilemma.

We are bound to believe that the eagerness which Raymond of Roussillon now exhibited was not so much because of a desire to bring about the dishonor of another, as to be perfectly satisfied that he himself was free from injury. At the Castle of Tarrascon, the Lady Agnes was found alone. She gave the kindest reception to her guests; and, anxious to behold things through the medium of his wishes rather than his doubts and fears, Raymond fancied that there was a peculiar sort of tenderness in the tone and spirit of the compliments which she addressed to the dejected troubadour. That he was disquieted and dejected she was soon able to discover. His uneasiness made itself apparent before they had been long together; and the keen intelligence of the feminine mind was accordingly very soon prepared to comprehend the occasion of his disquiet, when drawn aside by Raymond at the earliest opportunity, she found herself cross-examined by the impatient baron on the nature and object of her own affections. A glance of the eye at Guillaume de Cabestaign, as she listened to the inquiries of the suspicious Raymond, revealed to the quick-witted woman the extent of his apprehensions, and possibly the danger of her sister. Her ready instinct and equally prompt benevolence of heart, at once decided all the answers of the lady.

"Why question me of lovers," she replied to Raymond, with a pretty querulousness of tone and manner, "certainly, I have lovers enow, as many as I choose to have. Would you that I should live unlike other women of birth and quality, without my servant to sing my praises, and declare his readiness to die in my behalf?"

"Ay, ay, my lady," answered the knight, "lovers, I well know, you possess; for of these, I trow, that no lady of rank and beauty such as yours, can or possibly should be without; but is there not one lover over all whom you not only esteem for his grace and service, but for whom you feel the tenderest interest, whom, in fact, you prefer to the full surrender of your whole heart, and were this possible or proper, of your whole person?"

For a moment the gentle lady hesitated in her answer. The question was one of a kind to startle a delicate and faithful spirit; but, as her eyes wandered off to the place where the troubadour stood trembling—as she detected the pleading terror that was apparent in his face—her benevolence got the better of her scruples, and she frankly admitted that there really was one person in the world for whom her sentiments were even thus lively, and her sympathies thus broad and active.

"And now, I beseech you, Lady Agnes," urged the anxious baron, "that you deal with me like a brother who will joy to serve you, and declare to me the name of the person whom you so much favor!"

"Now, out upon it, my Lord of Roussillon:" was the quick and somewhat indignant reply of the lady, "that you should presume thus greatly upon the kindred that lies between us. Women are not to be constrained to make such confession as this. It is their prerogative to be silent when the safety of their affections may suffer from their speech. To urge them to confess, in such cases, is only to compel them to speak unnecessary falsehoods. And know I not you husbands all—you have but a feeling in common; and if I reveal myself to you, it were as well that I should go at once and make full confession to my lord."

"Nay, dearest Lady Agnes, have no such doubt of my loyalty. I will assure you that what you tell me never finds its way to the ear of your lord. I pray thee do not fear to make this confession to me; nay, but thou must, Agnes," exclaimed the rude baron, his voice rising more earnestly, and his manner becoming passionate and stern, while he grasped her wrist firmly in his convulsive fingers, and drawing her toward him, added, in the subdued but intense tones of half-suppressed passion, "I tell thee, lady, it behooves me much to know this secret."

The lady did not immediately yield, though the manner of Raymond, from this moment, determined her that she would do so. She now conjectured all the circumstances of the case, and felt the necessity of saving the troubadour for the sake of her sister. But she played with the excited baron awhile longer, and when his passion grew so impatient as to be almost beyond his control, she admitted, as a most precious secret, confided to his keeping only that he might serve her in its gratification, that she had a burning passion for Guillaume de Cabestaign, of which he himself was probably not conscious. The invention of the lady was as prompt and accurate as if the troubadour had whispered at her elbow. Raymond was now satisfied. He was relieved of his suspicions, turned away from the Lady of Tarrascon, to embrace her supposed lover, and readily accepted an invitation from the former, for himself and companion, to remain that night to supper. At that moment the great gates of the castle were thrown open, and the Lord of Tarrascon made his appearance. He confirmed the invitation extended by his wife; and, as usual, gave a most cordial reception to his guests. As soon as an opportunity offered, and before the hour of supper arrived, the Lady Agnes contrived to withdraw her lord to her own apartments, and there frankly revealed to him all that had taken place. He cordially gave his sanction to all that she had done. Guillaume de Cabestaign was much more of a favorite than his jealous master; and the sympathies of the noble and the virtuous, in those days, were always accorded to those who professed a love so innocent as, it was justly believed by this noble couple, was that of the Lady Marguerite and the troubadour. The harsh suspicions of Raymond were supposed to characterize only a coarse and brutal nature, which, in the assertion of its unquestionable rights, would abridge all those freedoms which courtliness and chivalry had established for the pleasurable intercourse of other parties. A perfect understanding thus established between the wife and husband, in behalf of the troubadour, and in misleading the baron, these several persons sat down to supper in the rarest good humor and harmony. Guillaume de Cabestaign recovered all his confidence, and with it his inspiration. He made several improvisations during the evening, which delighted the company—all in favor of the Lady Agnes, and glimpsing faintly at his attachment for her. These, unhappily, have not been preserved to us. They are said to have been so made as to correspond to the exigency of his recent situation; the excellent Baron Raymond all the while supposing that he alone possessed the key to their meaning. The Lady Agnes, meanwhile, under the approving eye of her husband, was at special pains to show such an interest in the troubadour, and such a preference for his comfort, over that of all persons present, as contributed to confirm all the assurances she had given to her brother-in-law in regard to her affections. The latter saw this with perfect satisfaction; and leaving Guillaume to pass the night where he was so happily entertained, he hurried home to Roussillon, eager to reveal to his own wife, the intrigue between her lover and her sister. It is quite possible that, if his suspicions of the troubadour were quieted, he still entertained some with regard to Marguerite. It is not improbable that a conviction that he was giving pain at every syllable he uttered entered into his calculations, and prompted what he said. He might be persuaded of the innocence of the parties, yet doubtful of their affections; and though assured now that he was mistaken in respect to the tendency of these of Guillaume, his suspicions were still lively in regard to those of his wife. His present revelations might be intended to probe her to the quick, and to gather from her emotions, at his recital, in how much she was interested in the sympathies of the troubadour.

How far he succeeded in diving into her secret, has not been confided to the chronicle. It is very certain, however, that he succeeded in making Marguerite very unhappy. She now entertained no doubt, after her husband's recital, of the treachery of her sister, and the infidelity of her lover; and though she herself had permitted him no privilege, inconsistent with the claims of her lord, she was yet indignant that he should have proved unfaithful to a heart which he so well knew to be thoroughly his own. The pure soul itself, entirely devoted to the beloved object, thus always revolts at a consciousness of its fall from its purity and its pledges; and though itself denied—doomed only to a secret worship, to which no altar may be raised, and to which there is no offering but the sacrifice of constant privation—yet it greatly prefers to entertain this sacred sense of isolation, to any enjoyment of mere mortal happiness. To feel that our affections are thus isolated in vain; that we have yielded them to one who is indifferent to the trust, and lives still for his earthly passions, is to suffer from a more than moral deprivation. Marguerite of Roussillon passed the night in extreme agony of mind, the misery of which was greatly aggravated by the necessity, in her husband's presence, of suppressing every feeling of uneasiness. But her feelings could not always be suppressed; and when, the next day, on the return of the troubadour from Tarrascon, she encountered him in those garden walks which had been made sacred to their passion by its first mutual revelation, the pang grew to utterance, which her sense of dignity and propriety in vain endeavored to subdue. Her eyes brightened indignantly through her tears; and she whose virtue had withheld every gift of passion from the being whom she yet professed to love, at once, but still most tenderly, reproached him with his infidelity.

"Alas! Guillaume," she continued, after telling him all that she had heard, "alas! that my soul should have so singled thine out from all the rest, because of its purity, and should find thee thus, like all the rest, incapable of a sweet and holy love such as thou didst promise. I had rather died, Guillaume, a thousand deaths, than that thou shouldst have fallen from thy faith to me."

"But I have not fallen—I have not faltered in my faith, Marguerite! I am still true to thee—to thee only, though I sigh for thee vainly, and know that thou livest only for another. Hear me, Marguerite, while I tell thee what has truly happened. Thou hast heard something, truly, but not all the truth."

And he proceeded with the narrative to which we have already listened. He had only to show her what had passed between her lord and himself, to show how great had been his emergency. The subsequent events at Tarrascon, only convinced her of the quick intelligence, and sweet benevolence of purpose by which her sister had been governed. Her charitable sympathies had seen and favored the artifice in which lay the safety equally of her lover and herself. The revulsion of her feelings from grief to exultation, spoke in a gust of tears, which relieved the distresses of her soul. The single kiss upon his forehead, with which she rewarded the devotion of the troubadour, inspired his fancy. He made the event the subject of a sonnet, which has fortunately been preserved to us.

MARGUERITE.

That there should be a question whom I love,
As if the world had more than one so fair!
Would'st know her name, behold the letters rare,
God-written, on the wing of every dove!
Ask if a blindness darkens my fond eyes,
That I should doubt me whither I should turn;
Ask if my soul, in cold abeyance lies,
That I should fail at sight of her to burn.
That I should wander to another's sway,
Would speak a blindness worse than that of sight,
Since here, though nothing I may ask of right,
Blessings most precious woo my heart to stay.
High my ambition, since at heaven it aims,
Yet humble *since a daisy's all it claims.*

The lines first italicized embody the name of the lady, by a periphrasis known to the Provencal dialect, and the name of the daisy, as used in the closing line, is Marguerite's. The poem is an unequivocal declaration of attachment, obviously meant to do away with all adverse declaratiens. To those acquainted with the previous history, it unfolds another history quite as significant; and to those who know nothing of the purity of the parties, and who made no allowance for the exaggerated manner in which a troubadour would be apt to declare the privileges he had enjoyed, it would convey the idea of a triumph inconsistent with the innocence of the lovers, and destructive of the rights of the injured husband. Thus, full of meaning, it is difficult to conceive by what imprudence of the parties, this fatal sonnet found its way to the hands of Raymond of Roussillon. It is charged by the biographers, in the absence of other proofs, that the vanity of Marguerite, in her moments of exultation—greater than her passion—prond of the homage which she inspired, and confident in the innocence which the world had too slanderously already begun to question—could not forbear the temptation of showing so beautiful a testimony of the power of her charms. But the suggestion lacks in plausibility. It is more easy to conceive that the fond heart of the woman would not suffer her to destroy so exquisite a tribute, and that the jealousy of her lord, provoked by the arts of envious rivals, conducted him to the place of safe-keeping where her treasure was concealed. At all events, it fell into his hands, and revived all his suspicions. In fact, it gave the lie to the artful story by which he had been lulled into confidence, and was thus, in a manner, conclusive of the utter guilt of the lovers. His pride was outraged as well as his honor. He had been gulled by all upon whom he had relied—his wife, his page, and his sister. He no longer doubted Marguerite's infidelity and his own disgrace; and breathing nothing but vengeance, he yet succeeded in concealing from all persons the convictions which he felt, of the guilt which dishonored him, and the terrible vengeance which he meditated for its punishment. He was a cold and savage man, who could suppress, in most cases, the pangs which he felt, and could deliberately restrain the passions which yet occupied triumphant places in his heart and purpose. It was not long before he found the occasion which he desired. The movements of the troubadour were closely watched, and one day when he had wandered forth from the castle, seeking solitude, as was his frequent habit, Raymond contrived to steal away from observation, and to follow him out into the forest. He was successful in his quest. He found Guillaume resting at the foot of a shady tree, in a secluded glen, with his tablets before him. The outlines of a tender ballad, tender but spiritual, as was the character of all his melodies, were already inscribed upon the paper.

The poet was meditating, as usual, the charms of that dangerous mistress, whose jbeauty was destined to become his bane. Raymond threw himself upon the ground beside him.

"Ah! well," said he, as he joined the troubadour, "this love of the Lady Agnes is still a distressing matter in thy thoughts."

"In truth, my lord, I think of her with the greatest love and tenderness," was the reply of Guillaume.

"Verily, thou dost well," returned the baron; "she deserves requital at thy hands. Thou owest her good service. And yet, for one who so greatly affects a lady, and who hath found so much favor in her sight, methinks thou seek'st her but seldom. Why is this, Sir Troubadour?"

Without waiting for the answer, Raymond added, "But let me see what thou has just written in her praise. It is by his verses that we understand the devotion of the troubadour."

Leaning over the poet as he spoke, as if his purpose had been to possess himself of his tablets, he suddenly threw the whole weight of his person upon him, and, in the very same moment, by a quick movement of the hand, he drove the *conteau chasse*, with which he was armed, and which he had hitherto concealed behind him, with a swift, unerring stroke deep down into the bosom of the victim. Never was blow better aimed, or with more energy delivered. The moment of danger was that of death. The unfortunate troubadour was conscious of the weapon only when he felt the steel. It was with a playful smile that Raymond struck, and so innocent was the expression of his face, even while his arm was extended and the weight of his body was pressing upon Guillaume, that the only solicitude of the latter had been to conceal his tablets. One convulsive cry, one hideous contortion, and Guillaume de Cabestaign was no more. The name of Marguerite was the only word which escaped him with his dying shriek. The murderer placed his hand upon the heart of the victim. It had already ceased to beat.

"Thou wilt mock me no more!" he muttered fiercely, as he half rose from the body now stiffening fast. But his fierce vengeance was by no means completed. As if a new suggestion had seized upon his mind, while his hand rested upon the heart of the troubadour, he suddenly started and tore away the garments from the unconscious bosom. Once more he struck it deeply with the keen and heavy blade. In a few moments he had laid it open. Then he plunged his naked hand into the gaping wound, and tore out the still quivering heart. This he wrapped up with care, and concealed in his garments. With another stroke he smote the head from the body, and this he also concealed, in fragments torn from the person of his victim. With these proofs of his terrible revenge, he made his way, under cover of the dusk, in secret to the castle. What remains to be told is still more dreadful—beyond belief, indeed, were it not that the sources of our history are wholly above discredit or denial. The cruel baron, ordering his cook into his presence, then gave the heart of the troubadour into his keeping, with instructions to dress it richly, and after a manner of dressing certain favorite portions of venison, of which Marguerite was known to be particularly fond. The dish was a subject of special solicitude with her husband. He himself superintended the preparation, and furnished the spices. That night, he being her only companion at the feast, it was served up to his wife, at the usual time of supper. He had assiduously subdued every vestige of anger, unkindness or suspicion from his countenance. Marguerite was suffered to hear and see nothing which might provoke her apprehensions or arrest her appetite. She was more than usually serene and cheerful, as, that day and evening, her lord was more than commonly indulgent. He, too, could play a part when it suited him to do so; and, like most men of stern wil and great experience, could adapt his moods and manners to that livelier cast, and more pliant temper, which better persuade the feminine heart into confidence and pleasure. He smiled upon her now with the most benevolent sweetness; but while he earnestly encouraged her to partake of the delicacy specially put before her, he himself might be seen to eat of any other dish. The wretched woman, totally unsuspicious of guile or evil, undreaming of disaster, and really conscious of but little self-reproach, ate freely of the precious meat which had been placed before her. The eyes of Raymond greedily followed every morsel which she carried to her lips. She evidently enjoyed the dish which had been spiced for her benefit, as she continued to draw upon it, he could no longer forbear to unfold the exultation which he felt at the entire satisfaction of his vengeance.

"You seem very much to like your meats tonight, Marguerite. Do you find them good?"

"Verily," she answered, "this venison is really delicious."

"Eat then," he continued, "I have had it dressed purposely for you. You ought to like it. It is a dish of which you have always shown yourself very fond."